Open-Air NUMBER

THE SPORTS THAT MAKE THE MAN
By Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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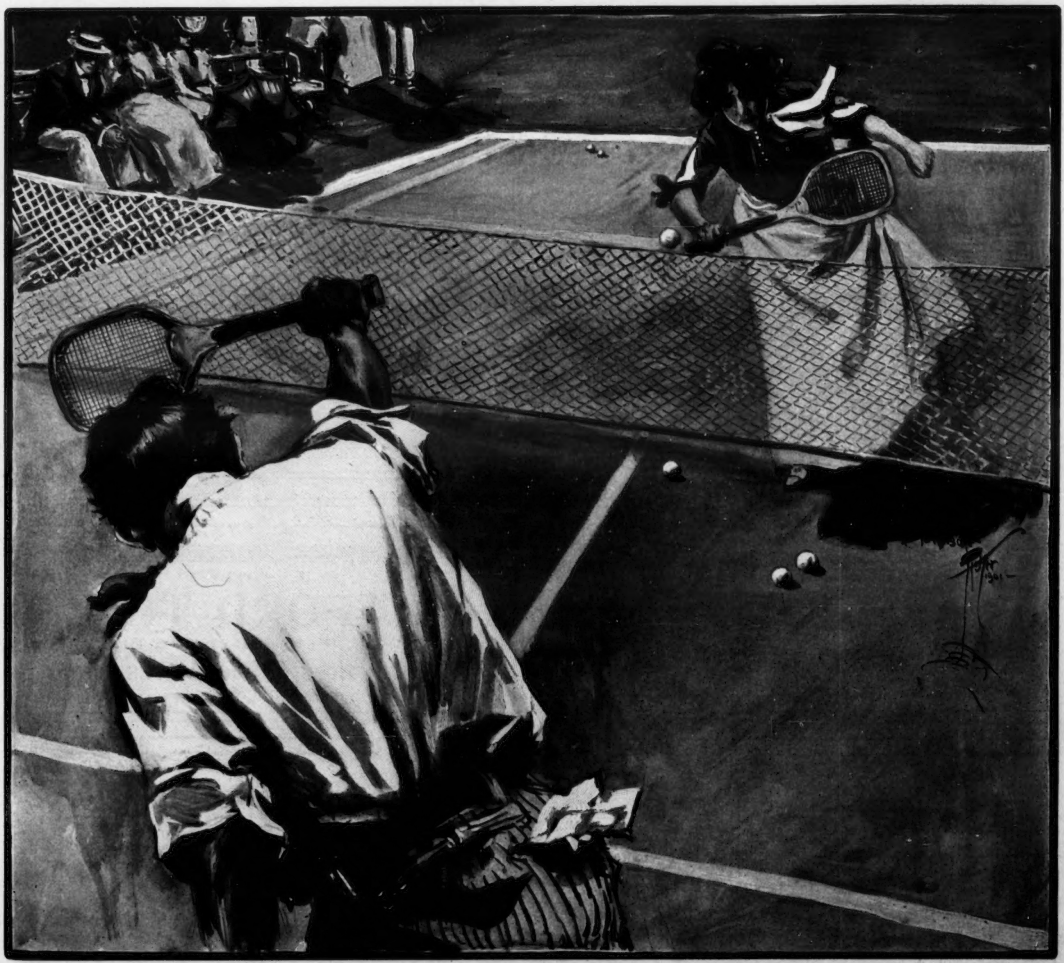

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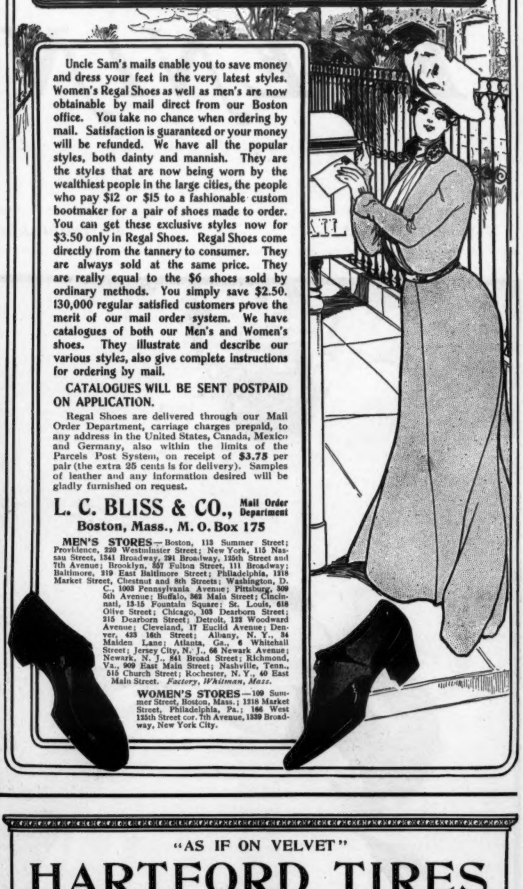

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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The Sports that Make the Man

By Sir Thomas Lipton
K. C. V. O.

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WATERLOO, we have all heard, was won at Eton. Equally on other play-fields have great Battles of Business been gained. Exercise and the open air, sports and pastimes, no less—and sometimes more—than office application and the bending over books, go to making of commercial success.

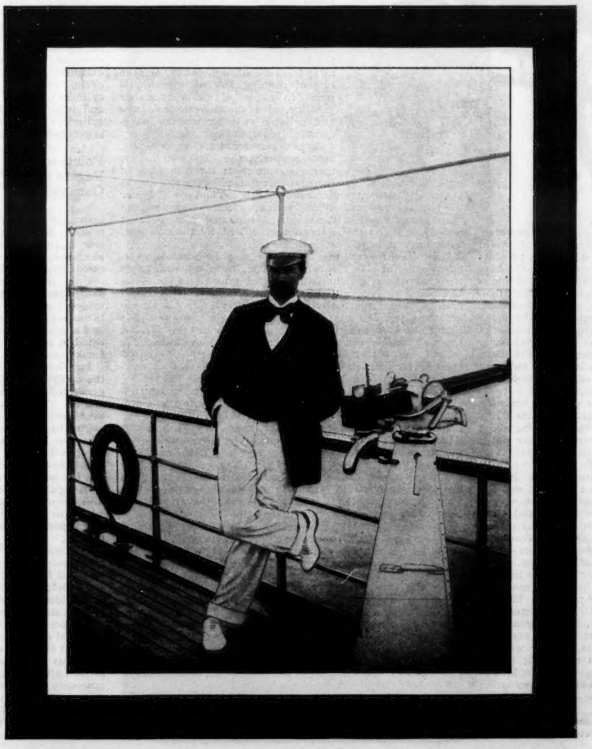
I was brought up on the banks of the Clyde. Many an hour did I spend as a boy by the riverside watching the craft and indulging in day dreams. My parents were poor, so that I could not then afford the luxury of a yacht except in imagination. For there, sure enough, was the mental picture of the "not impossible She"—no woman of the poet's fancy, but a white-sailed lady of the seas.

The allusion, by the way, has its own aptitude. The "not impossible She" of early dreams turns, in inconstant life, to several very possible "shes;" and my ladies of the sea, too, now number three—Shamrock, Erin, and Shamrock the Second. Whenever I had a shilling to spare in those early days I was certain to lay it out on the hire of a boat. When, as often happened, my purse was empty, I proffered my services as steersman for the sake of a sail. Then, as now, this was my favorite sport. But horse exercise also has been always well in the running. And with these the tale of my recreations is but at the beginning.

When I see a boy who does not care for cricket or football, I conclude that there is something wrong about him: I have the feeling that he cannot be in good health. Outdoor sports ought, in my opinion, to come to the young as naturally as food. In all warehouses and factories where there are enough employees, I strongly advocate the formation of football and cricket teams and of tennis clubs. In my own firm are footballers and cricketers who can hold their own against any similar association in London. My lady clerks have a tennis club. We also have frequent dances. I have always thought dancing a fine exercise. It works well, too, with another exercise very different in kind, but a very healthy one in its own way—the ascent of the Ladder of Fortune. There is a good old expression about "dancing for joy." That is the ideal dancing. Byron somewhere speaks of the young ladies who have to waltz for a husband. That is almost as far removed as the dancing behind the footlights for a living from the real spontaneous movement that expresses "joy of our youth," and is health-giving.

Music does not come to all naturally, and musicians, like poets, must, I know, be born, not made, or must at any rate be both born and made. But I would have music taught elementarily to all. That is a part of education still too much neglected. Singing and playing are among the real recreations of life, if only as indoor resource during bad weather, when you are not in the mood for books and when companions become (as the best sometimes will) a little bored with each other. I may add that I have played the violin in my own fashion since I was ten years old.

I would go so far as to urge compulsory military drill in schools. I am a volunteer, and am now forming a company among my own employees. The moderns have a good deal to learn in these matters from the ancients. I am aware that Athens was not saved by the gymnasium or the military college; but the young Athenian became decadent in spite of, not because of, his physical exercises.



It is hardly necessary to ask me if I am a believer in Saturday's half-holiday and Sunday's rest. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a mistake, mentally and physically, for any man to work seven days without ceasing, however young and strong he may be, and however ardent to make strides in business. Off hours from my business I spend as far as possible in the open air. I leave behind me the city at night. Even now, when of necessity I dine frequently in London, I drive ten miles into the country to sleep. The extra trouble and the loss of time are well repaid by the pure air. That is my opinion, and I leave others the smile at the suburbs.

Gardening, I agree with Lord Tennyson in thinking the most perfect of recreations—it gives you just enough to think about to be a complete distraction, yet not enough to worry you. And it is work-play done under delightful conditions. The hour in the garden at the beginning of the day or at its close is worth many sacrifices in the winning. Though I have never been able to get to bed before midnight, I am always up at seven—an allowance for sleep that is less by an hour than Lord Palmerston gave out as indispensable—at any rate for statesmen. Other spare half hours at home go to outdoor games—cricket, golf, tennis and bowls. If one must be indoors, a game of billiards I find to be a grand exercise. You walk miles, to begin with; and a private table is a great attraction to keep together the young members of a household in the evenings.

From all this, it follows that I am not a great theatre-goer. I do not think I have sat out a play more than twelve times in my life, and never did I do so till the last very few years. My parents, being old-fashioned and church-going, had never seen the glare of the footlights; and I felt that I could not properly allow the time to give myself up to being amused for so long by other people—and in a vitiated atmosphere. I felt I could do better for myself. Half an hour in a music-hall seemed to be a different matter—you could hear the song you wished to hear and then come away. All the same, some of the nicest people I have ever known belong to the stage.

Sport and gambling are often supposed to be inseparable. Many millions of dollars are put upon yacht racing, but never a dollar by me. I have yet to make my first bet. I race purely for the pleasure of the sport; and I would not bet on my own boat or any other.

I think the American boy is ahead of the English boy. I find that in America the managers of large concerns are often very youthful. In

England their youth would be a disqualification. It would not command respect. A man must look old before he is thought to look wise. That I believe to be a great error of policy in the affairs of a nation, a business firm, or a family.

I hold, therefore, that it would be a good thing to send every English boy to America when he is seventeen, and to keep him there for a couple of years. I first went to the States when I was fifteen; and my experiences at various places, all over the country, were the best commercial training I ever had. I find that apprenticeship still stands by me, and it helped me, more than anything else, to the position I occupy.

And now, let me add, I go to America again to win something else if possible—the Cup. "Do I really expect to lift the Cup?" is a question I am often asked. Well, if I did not think victory possible there would be no use at all in my entering the lists. Of course I am not certain that I am going to win; but I feel that I have got just as good a chance to lift the Cup as have the Americans to keep it. Moreover, if I were certain to win there would be no sport in the attempt—the pleasure that comes from the effort and the uncertainty would be gone. It is the alternative of hope or fear that gives interest to the game.

I look forward with great delight to my forthcoming visit. The English people are still in part ignorant of the true sporting qualities of the Americans. I, who know, can frankly say that they are an example to the world in their methods of manly sport. I feel I am going amongst the truest of friends who will give my interests as much care as if my boat had been built in America, and who will give me as much justice as if I myself were a citizen of the United States.

The truth of the matter is, that I can never sufficiently acknowledge the good will and kindness shown me in America. I take it so thoroughly to heart, that if I were not able to pay for a challenger, and I had to appeal for money to enter the contest, it would be to America that I should turn.

Well, I do not think there is any chance of my requiring that—for another race or two, anyhow!

The Amateur and the Automobile

By Van Tassel Sutphen

DRAWN BY S. MARTIN JUSTICE

IF THE statements (advertising) of automobile manufacturers could be accepted at their face value, it would appear that the operation of a motor carriage presents but little greater difficulty than does the winding of a keyless watch or the pressing of a camera button. That this is not true, and never can be, is a conclusion to which more than one amateur *chauffeur* has reluctantly come. Machinery cannot be built "fool-proof," and though it can be made automatic, up to a certain point, the added complication of construction simply increases the danger of a breakdown. There are many excellent automatic devices which have been applied to the familiar type of steam runabout, but back of them all there must be an intelligent mind, if the best or even tolerable results are to be obtained.

Moreover, it is the introduction of the personal equation into the operations of a motor vehicle that gives it the flavor of a genuine sport. The true *chauffeur* cares nothing about merely being transported around the country—why not a Pullman car or the cushions of a rubber-tired Victoria?

The Keen Delights of Automobiling

The pleasure of automobiling lies in managing the machine yourself, and the more you know about carburetors, and igniters, and differentials, and link motions, the greater the enjoyment. Leading amateurs, like Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Bostwick, take a personal pride in being up on technical points—they study their motors, their construction and operation, with a real enthusiasm, and they are well repaid for their trouble. To any one having the slightest aptitude for things mechanical, the study soon becomes an absorbing passion. There is a beauty, a fascination about a perfectly constructed and smoothly working piece of machinery that is apparent even to the unscientific mind. To take control of this materialized energy, to draw the reins over this monster with its steel muscles and fiery heart—there is something in the idea which appeals to an almost universal sense, the love of power. Add the element of danger, and the fascination inherent in automobiling as a sport is not difficult to understand.

The modern automobile is virtually a road locomotive, and the big racing machines are already a close second in the matter of actual speed. The only limit, indeed, is that of physical endurance on the part of the operator. The railway engine runs on guiding rails and with a perfectly clear track, protected by block signals and other safeguards. The automobilist, even on an inclosed race track, must depend upon his coolness and muscle to keep his machine in the course, and on the public highway his difficulties are manifestly increased. Again, in the turning of curves, the railway locomotive has the assistance of the raised outer rail to counteract the centrifugal tendency; the automobile, with its wheel base in one uniform horizontal plane, must be handled with greater care on a curve or it will slew violently outside the true arc, or even be completely upset. Assuredly, it calls for more than a little skill and mental courage to be a successful *chauffeur*.

Leaving out track and road racing, the amateur automobilist naturally inclines toward country touring as opposed to the mild monotony of a run through the park or up the boulevard and back. Consequently we discard at once the electric type of carriage. The electric wagon is easy and pleasant to manage, but it cannot go far away from a charging station, and the cost of running and maintenance is much in excess of either steam or gasoline. It is the *automobile de luxe* and suitable only for smooth pavements and long purses.

As between steam and gasoline, or, more properly, the explosive motor, there is more room for difference of opinion. Safety is, perhaps, the first consideration, and it is practically assured under both systems. The type of boiler used in the standard steam carriages does not explode, in the popular sense of the word. A tube may blow out, but nobody is going to be injured or killed by the accident. That bogy at least may be dismissed.

It is of course true that the use of gasoline involves a certain degree of risk. Now, gasoline is not dangerous apart from air or oxygen, and in a closed tank it is harmless. Even after air is admitted to the tank and becomes saturated with gasoline vapor the mixture is not explosive but merely inflammable. But a tank that has contained gasoline and is practically empty of the liquid is like so much powder. A spark or the slightest flame will cause an explosion that may be serious. It therefore behooves the amateur not to undertake an examination of his practically empty gasoline reservoir after early candlelight. Under ordinary circumstances, an accident to the carriage, even a collision or an upset, simply extinguishes the gasoline burners and no further harm ensues.

In an explosive motor there is, of course, no outside or visible flame. The hot-tube ignition is virtually unknown in the American type of gasoline carriage. The firing of the charge is done by electricity and the danger of the gasoline in the fuel tank catching fire is practically nil. Still there can never be absolute immunity until a perfect motor has been invented, using kerosene or some other heavy oil. Here is the great field for the inventor of to-day.

Why Steam is Popular with Many

In one sense, the steam engine is easier to manage and take care of than is the gas engine—its mode of operation is more familiar and it has a wider range between perfect running and a dead stop. A steam carriage may drag itself home with every flue and coupling leaking steam, while the breaking of an insignificant little wire may hopelessly stall a gasoline carriage. Moreover, it is generally easier to diagnose the difficulty in the case of a steam engine.

The steam engine is more flexible in its range of operation, but in this respect the newer models of explosive motor are a great improvement upon the old types. It is now possible to get variations in the speed of a gas engine by throttling the mixture and changing the time of ignition. Formerly the motor had to be run at a virtually uniform rate and the varying speeds were secured by reduction gearing.

In cost of running, the explosive motor is cheaper than steam, but its great merit is its capacity to run for an indefinite time under its maximum load. Given a reasonable certainty and thoroughness of ignition and the gas engine will do more and better work than any other form of power-creating mechanism.

The theory of the steam engine is familiar to everybody, and the modern steam wagon is merely a modification of standard types. The engine has its miniature valves and link motion; it is started, stopped and controlled exactly as though it were a hundred-ton locomotive. The boiler is, of course, of the water-tube (sometimes the flash) type, and the water and fire are regulated automatically. It is well, however, to keep one's eye on the water gauge and to have an auxiliary pumping attachment in case the regular injector fails to work. The proper regulation of the water supply is the chief difficulty in the management of a steam carriage, and the gasoline burners are another fertile source of trouble, particularly in high winds. Taking it all in all, the light American steam carriage is a splendid machine and capable of extraordinary feats both as to speed and endurance.

The mode of operation of a gasoline explosive engine is not so well known to the ordinary layman. Briefly, the engine is motor and boiler in one piece of mechanism. The fuel supply is gasoline vapor mixed with eight or ten times its volume of air. This mixture is drawn into the engine cylinder and there compressed, ignited, expanded and exhausted. The sum of these several operations is called a cycle. In a four-cycle engine there is an explosion (in each cylinder) once for every two revolutions of the crank shaft, and in a two-cycle engine there is an explosion (in each cylinder) once for every revolution. The four-cycle type is generally considered superior for all-around motor work.

Points in Regard to Gasoline

The vital parts of a gasoline motor are its carburetor and its ignition mechanism. The office of the carburetor is to supply the mixture of air and gasoline vapor, and it may be one of two general systems. In the carburetor proper the air is drawn down or made to bubble up through the liquid gasoline. The vaporizer is an apparatus in which the gasoline is sprayed or atomized and so mixed with the air, and this is generally considered the better of the two types.

Upon the proper mixture depends in a large degree the satisfactory running of the motor. If too rich in gasoline the cylinder and valves will clog up with an oily deposit, and the exhaust will be smoky; if too poor there will be misfires and a non-development of power. A correct mixture is indicated by powerful and regular explosions and a practically smokeless exhaust.

Ignition of the charge is almost always by electrical action, the current being furnished either from storage batteries or generated by a small dynamo or magneto attached to the engine. The great merit of electrical ignition over the hot-tube method is the chance it gives to vary the speed of the engine by changing the time of firing the charge. And it is, moreover, much the safer system, since the hot tube requires an open flame.

It is probable that seventy-five per cent. of the trouble that one has with the explosive motor engine can finally be traced to the ignition. Storage batteries deteriorate, and then misfires become frequent. Or there may be a short circuit somewhere, or even a broken wire. It is always wise to carry an extra sparker or two to substitute for the one that is giving trouble. But first make sure that the difficulty does not lie in the battery or wiring. The simple test is trying for a spark between the sparker wire and some part of the engine or metal frame. If there is no spark the battery is at fault, and a defective cell must be hunted for with a battery gauge.

The ideal explosive motor would be one that needed no complicated and troublesome sparking device and that would work successfully with a heavy oil like kerosene. If a newly invented engine accomplishes anything like what is claimed for it, it should revolutionize the motor industry.

In this the piston, in the latter stage of the stroke, compresses air in the cylinder, until it is sufficiently hot to spontaneously ignite the oil that has been gradually injected, and the resulting expansion propels the piston again. That is all, and wonderfully simple it seems.

It is also said that the exhaust from the new engine is smokeless and odorless, which means that the combustion of

fuel has been perfect. The result is freedom from disagreeable odor, the possibility of using a safe oil like kerosene, and the minimum of fuel with the maximum of power. If the new engine is really practical the golden age of automobilism is shortly to arrive.

Things the Amateur Must Heed

Speaking generally of the automobile for all-around use, the amateur should select a machine whose centre of gravity is low and one which has a comparatively long wheel base. The first point is a guaranty of safety, the second of comfort. And there should be wood rather than wire wheels, as being more elastic and easier to keep clean.

Brakes are of great importance, and there should be at least two, one of which should work directly on the wheels. Better to strip off a tire than to have a general smash-up. It is well for the amateur *chauffeur* to remember that the motor itself (whether electric, steam or gasoline) can be used as a powerful braking device.

It is not wise to have a multiplicity of levers, push-buttons and other controlling devices to keep in mind and operate. A French motor carriage is described as having three hand levers, three foot levers, two hand wheels and a bell to manipulate; and it keeps the operator busy. The other extreme, in which everything, for steering, braking, signaling and control, is combined in one single lever, is quite as objectionable. The mean is best. The steering lever may have the gong push-button set in it, while the starting lever may be arranged so as to set the brake at the moment that all power is shut off.

Steering may be either by wheel, crank or lever, the last being a favorite system in American-built carriages. But the wheel, while slower in action, can be locked in any position, and it is therefore safer for heavy vehicles running at high speeds.

Most breakdowns upon the road can be avoided by a careful inspection of all working parts before starting out. Special attention should be given to important nuts on the steering, running and braking gear, for any nut may work loose in time. Everything tight and in correct adjustment is the gist of motor carriage inspection, and the ounce of prevention has nowhere a higher value than in its application to machinery. Finally, the amateur must learn his machine, its faults and its virtues, above all its little peculiarities. His ear should always give him warning when things are not working smoothly—a squeak, a rattle, and he should generally be able to diagnose the difficulty. And don't be ashamed to carry in the tool-box plenty of spare parts, asbestos for engine gaskets, adhesive tape, wire of various gauges and the baker's dozen of other essentials that you will soon discover for yourself. You may be laughed at for carrying around a "machine shop," but it is weary work making bricks without straw, and the important thing is to get home.

Stories of the New King

SOMETHING stronger than curiosity is felt in London society as to the future attitude and demeanor of the King, especially with regard to old associates and friends. It is said that he is disposed to hold aloof and to assume a very serious and dignified line. Thus he refused very curtly an invitation to dine at a private house where he went constantly as Prince of Wales, saying that the King could not go where the Prince did. On another occasion he summoned Lord Marcus Beresford, who had managed his racing for him, to Marlborough House. In past days he was on such intimate terms that he was always called "Markey" by the Prince. The King, however, throughout the interview, addressed him formally as "Lord Marcus," and when asked if he meant to withdraw from the turf, His Majesty replied that he proposed, with Her Majesty, to appear in state at Ascot, and possibly at Goodwood. At the end of it all, however, and with a touch of his old *camaraderie*, Edward VII patted his friend on the back and said "Good-by, Markey," very cordially.

The King has always taken a keen interest in social affairs which is not likely to diminish with his augmented rank and authority. There is little doubt that he was very keenly concerned in regard to the marriage of the Marquess of Headfort and the pretty actress, Miss Boote. My Lord's family were much opposed to the match, especially his mother, the Countess of Bective (whose deceased husband did not survive his father and therefore never bore the title of Headfort). Among other attempts to break off the marriage, august influences were invoked to send the headstrong young man abroad. He is a soldier—an officer in the Blues, or Royal Horse Guards—and it was suggested to Earl Roberts that he might send the lad to South Africa, or even to India: anywhere out of harm's way. Now, the Commander-in-Chief's powers are none too great at best—witness the recent debates in the House of Lords—and they certainly do not extend to sending, *nolens volens*, any supposed culprit who bears the King's commission to the uttermost ends of the earth. Lord Roberts is a courtier and much more likely to yield deference to Royal wishes than his predecessor, but here he was powerless, and he had to say so. Of course, if the Blues, the young Lord's regiment, were ordered abroad as a body he would have had to go with them; but it would have been a strong step to punish a whole regiment of Household Cavalry to save the noble Marquess from a so-called mésalliance. And now the marriage has occurred.

We may expect to hear of some changes in evening costume now that the King is supreme. He has always hankered after some improvement of the sombre black, and not long ago, as Prince of Wales, was much in favor of the adoption of colored and embroidered fancy waistcoats.

The King has always been a great stickler for correct dress. Here are two good stories on the subject. Years ago the Prince honored with his presence a smoking concert given by Sir Howard Vincent, then Colonel Vincent. The host received his Royal guest according to strict rule in the front hall, and arrayed in evening clothes and tights—not ordinary trousers. Tights, it may be mentioned, are exactly what their name implies, of black silk, and they are always worn at the palace in undress, not full dress—that is to say, not with uniforms or court suit. Directly the Prince saw Sir Howard's lower limbs he said sternly:

"Go upstairs and take those off; they should never be worn except when the Princess is present."

On another occasion, at a private dinner given by the Duke of Fife to the Prince of Wales, a very distinguished litterateur arrived in a black tie; he was fond of them large, in the French fashion, with large bow and wide, falling ends. A whisper from the Prince sent host to guest, and there was a polite request to go into a dressing-room, where he would find a selection of white ties.

Tales of the Late Queen's Dinners

Talking of tights, a pretty story is preserved of the dear old Queen. Some years ago, when at Osborne, the Queen heard that two gallant young officers just returned from the wars were residing in the neighborhood. They were at once "commanded" to come and dine, but by the Queen's desire the invitation was indorsed, "Ordinary evening dress." Her Majesty added with a smile: "I don't suppose these young gentlemen can muster up a pair of tights between them."

The Queen had a very keen sense of humor and no doubt chafed a good deal at the stiffness and dullness of state dinners, where none spoke unless Her Majesty addressed them. One night, however, a telegram was brought to the table for a guest, and he was permitted to read it. The result was a roar of laughter: he showed it to his next neighbor, who also laughed, and the Queen at length asked to be told the joke.

It appeared that the guest had recently been decorated with a new order which, when commanded to Windsor, he was expected to wear. But on arrival at the castle he could not find the ribbon and cross anywhere among his belongings when he unpacked. So he appeared at table without his decoration, and it was not till the telegram arrived that he learnt that his overcareful servant had safely put it away. The telegram ran, "Look in your left boot."

Edward VII as a Tailor's Authority

The present King's exact knowledge of the niceties of costume is well illustrated by a little incident dating from the time he was Prince of Wales. A distinguished General, recently advanced to the dignity of a "Grand Cross of the Bath," was a little in doubt as to the proper way of wearing the great satin bows which are attached to the order on "Collar Days." So he called in his tailor to advise, begging that some assistant might be sent to dress him for his next appearance at a levee.

When the General reached the throne-room and made his bow he noticed the Prince eying the bow and smiling with approval. "Quite right," said His Royal Highness; and the General afterward heard from his tailor that the latter, a little doubtful himself, had referred the knotty point of the wearing of the collar and bow to the best authority available, the Prince of Wales.

Apropos of the King's increase in dignity there is a delightful story of how he delicately intimated to a lady that there had been a change. The lady in question had been an especially favored friend of the Prince's, and naturally hoped that she might enjoy as much of Royal as she had of Princely friendship. Immediately upon hearing the news of the death of Queen Victoria she dispatched a note of condolence to the new King. Exactly what was in the note no one knows, but she waited with some little anxiety to see whether a reply would be forthcoming. Naturally, at that time, letters and telegrams of condolence were piling in upon Edward VII to such an extent that there could be little or no attempt to answer them. This the lady knew, and she felt that an answer to her communication would be to some extent a guarantee of her position of influence at court.

The answer came. It arrived at dinner-time, when the lady had a party dining with her. She was not wholly ill pleased at this, and she announced with a smile, "A telegram—from the King."

But the telegram was perhaps not all she had expected. "I hope and believe," it ran, "that I have the tears of all my subjects." Never perhaps in a career full of things delicately put did Edward VII phrase a rebuke with more exquisite nicety.

THE NATIVE

By Charles G. D. Roberts

ROCKS, I am one with you;
Sea, I am yours.
Your rages come and go,
Your strength endures.

Passion may burn and fade;
Pain surge and cease.
My still soul rests unchanged
Through storm and peace.

Fir-tree, beaten by wind,
Sombre, austere,
Your sap is in my veins,
O kinsman dear.

Your fibres rude and true
My sinews feed—
Sprung of the same bleak earth,
The same rough seed.

The tempest harries us.
It raves and dies;
And wild limbs rest again
Under wide skies.

Grass, that the salt hath scourged,
Dauntless and gray,
Though the harsh season chide
Your scant array,

Year by year you return
To conquer fate:
The clean life nourishing you
Makes me, too, great.

O rocks, O fir-tree brave,
O grass and sea!
Your strength is mine, and you
Endure with me.

The Fur Winners

By W. A. Fraser

Author of Mooswa of the Boundaries

TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS OF THE NORTHWEST

Mr. Fraser with a caribou head

THE fur winner is a picturesque character. His lines are cast in a land full of the poetry of Nature; the blaring sign of the liver pill never mars the vista of his far-reaching eye; therefore he is a child of Nature—his conventionality limited to an obligatory use of but necessary raiment.

Time was, some three centuries since, when at least half of the North American continent was the theatre of his exploits. From New England to the Arctic Circle he trapped the furred denizens of the forest and traded with the little less savage human inhabitants. At the risk of losing his scalp he navigated unknown rivers, trailed across the trackless prairie, and wandered through the immense spruce forests of the North.

It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that Radisson and Grossillier, two famous French explorers, after many changes of fortune, induced Prince Rupert and other British nobles to form a fur-trading corporation.

That was the Hudson's Bay Company, chartered in 1670. Their charter was simply a demand note on Nature—of course drawn up as only an English document could be—giving them an immense territory.

That company still exists, though the Happy Hunting Grounds have claimed most of the men, white and red, who preserved it in its integrity for a matter of two and a quarter centuries.

They made big profits in those days—twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five per cent.; quite after the manner of the Standard. Graven on their coat of arms were four beavers, and the motto, "*Pro pelle cutem*"—skin for skin. That was the keynote of their trading policy—equity, and something for something.

In course of time the redmen came to understand this; and it has been a most important factor in the handling of the "Indian question" in Canada. There were individual cases of wrong—not many; the Indians well knew that what they were promised they got. If they bought cloth, they got good cloth; if they purchased tea with their furs, the tea was of choice quality; the sugar was of full weight and contained no sand; the powder would burn, and the guns would not explode. Even the liquor—for they were traded fire-water—was of an old-time strength; Jamaica rum that was sweet to the taste. As it was then, even so it is to-day; in an H. B. store one pays a fair price and gets the best that is manufactured.

Notwithstanding false impressions to the contrary there is not much duplicity in the Canadian Indians; a square bargain appeals to him as it does to the most honorable white man.

Under these conditions one may cease to marvel that for over two centuries the fur traders and the fur winners have lived amicably side by side, far from the power of the sword.

Mr. Fraser, with three Sanitaux Indians—a hunting party

A young moose

Indian would pass his buffalo robes through the wicket, receive his liquor and be turned out of the stockade; then another would buy fleeting happiness in the same manner, and be quickly "fired."

They had rather picturesque methods of treating or dispensing the liquor, had these barbaric revelers. A redskin would fill his capacious mouth with the rich rum of old Jamaica, or, perchance, the famous H. B. "dark brandy" of a thousand-volt power, and, closing in on his squaw or sweetheart, would squirt it between her Cupid-bowed lips. It was a convivial habit of purely Indian originality, I fancy.

If there had been a great kill of buffalo there was often a protracted season of debauchery; and, at such times, a little scalping-knife horse-play; but it is an everlasting monument to the good sense of the redskins that there are no records of barbarous butcheries of H. B. men on their part.

Landing the boat-fish—not common to the Athabasca alone

Mr. Fraser getting a meal ready on the trail

Free traders' outfit off for Lesser Slave Lake

In the West the air is full of mythical tales as to the purchase price of furs. A favorite one is that a trade musket, or long-barreled shotgun, was wont to be stood on end, and the purchase furs piled about it by the Indian until they topped the muzzle. That was the exchange value of the gun, according to this story. It makes a picturesque tale, I admit, but its historic value is utterly destroyed by the records of the H. B. Company, which show that the fixed price in fur for a musket was from ten to twelve beaver skins.

In those days the beaver skin was accepted as the unit of trade, practically representing two shillings, and all furs were valued at so many "skins." Even to this day in the far Northwest the traders and Indians use the same term in fixing the value of furs—the skin representing fifty cents.

All the old Hudson Bay trading posts were log forts well stockaded; but most of the battles were due to the jealousy which existed between the different companies and traders. At times, it is true, a saturnalia did materialize about these forts when Indians arrived in large numbers with many furs, chiefly buffalo skins. One exchange price for a buffalo robe was a soda-water bottle full of spirits. A trade of this sort tended to excited bargaining, so the trader ensconced himself behind a small wicket in the log fort, and but one or two Indians were admitted within the stockade at a time. The

It is indeed a sad retrospect to think what the Indian nations might not have attained to had there been no fire-water—nothing but the otherwise fair dealing of the H. B. Company.

Sixty years ago and more mighty buffalo hunts were organized from old Fort Garry, which is now Winnipeg. A cavalcade consisting of hundreds of carts, accompanied by Indians, breeds and white men, trailed to the West, two or three hundred miles, in midsummer, and when they came upon the herds of buffalo they killed them with warlike industry. As many as a thousand animals were slaughtered in the course of one day. The robes and tongues were brought back, and also each cart carried its load of buffalo meat—a thousand pounds or so—to Fort Garry.

Even to-day the Crees and other Indians of the North are particularly honest. Very few unpaid debts stand on the company's books against them. And as for stealing—there is hardly a known case in all the land of the Crees.

The giving of credit, or "debt," as it was called, was a necessary condition of fur trading. It is still in vogue. A small trader, Indian or half-breed, will get an outfit of goods from an H. B. factor in the summer, and go off into the wilds for six or eight moons. His usual mode of conveyance is his loved canoe. Up the Athabasca toward Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River, or down toward Great

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Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mr. W. A. Fraser on this subject. The second paper will appear next week.

Slave Lake are favorite routes. He will trap, or "kill fur," as he calls it, and trade with the Indians; perhaps living all through the dreary winter months alone in a little shack constructed of small poplar logs, or even in a canvas teepee. The solitude has no terrors for him. He listens to the howl of the wolves, and their weird music speaks only of pelts to be obtained; the trail of the bear is a path to riches and fresh meat for his larder; with his snowshoes he skims lightly over the white waste and tirelessly walks down the long-legged moose. His traps are strung over a "marten road" of probably thirty miles. No sign-posts, perhaps not even a blaze on tree bark, marks the circuit of this long patrol; but he follows it as unerringly as a homing pigeon reaches its cote.

This path-finding is one of the marvels of the Indian's acquirements—it amounts to instinct. He carries no compass; Ursa Major shows him the north by night, and the sun locates the east by day. If storm clouds intervene he climbs a tall tree and looks over the mighty spread of forest; in the aggregate the tops incline to the south—that is because of the persistent north wind—and on the north side of the tree trunks the moss grows thick. On the darkest night an Indian will place his hand on the moss-blanket of a tree and locate the cardinal points. "The Dipper," as it swings in silent velocity around the North Star, is the redman's clock. Ask an Indian or half-breed in the depths of any forest where a certain place is that he has once visited and he will with decisive certainty point his hand straight toward the spot.

The trapper has with him bacon, flour, tea and, most desirable of all, tobacco. He mixes his flour with cold water, using the bag as a dough tray, and bakes a bannock in his fry-pan in front of a fire of red-willow coals. He fries his bacon and dips the despondent, plastic bread in the gravy. He uses no vegetables, and seldom fruit. He bothers not with lime juice, or any other antidote to scurvy, but he gets not this dread disease, which is born of eating salt meat; he drinks tea of a ferocious strength and laughs at tales of illness. He will eat any animal but a wolf. Bear tastes like pork, and beaver is akin to beef—the beaver tail is a jar of jellied fat. To him, lynx is a delicate morsel with the full flavor of veal. Even skunk he finds palatable, with no strong odor to the flesh. A breed or an Indian can feast like an alligator, or tramp for days on a lean stomach.

But his pipe is the trapper's fetich—his consolation in all troubles. Force him to give up one thing after another and his pipe will be the last voluntary sacrifice.

Sometimes an opulent trapper will use baking powder in his bannock. There are cases on record where men of this extravagant habit have made a mistake between the baking powder and the strychnine they use in the poisoned bait; death, a lonely death, tragic in its awful hopelessness, is the result.

Once I was camped with a party of four men where the Pelican River joins the Athabasca. A trapper, drifting down the mighty river, his winter's outfit in his canoe, paddled to the shore, came to my tent, had luncheon with us, and stopped for an hour, chatting. Then with the remark, "This is too ——— slow for me!" he clambered into his bark and drifted out of sight into the solemn solitude of the north, which is thousands of miles broad and deep. He longed for the excitement of killing something.

The trapper may come out by dog-train in midwinter with furs, for running behind his dogs for fifty or sixty miles a day is nothing to him. The cold is nothing; he wears no overcoat. In some instances his limbs are clad in but one pair of trousers, guiltless of drawers; his feet may even be strangers to socks, and encased in nothing but mooseskin moccasins. If the cold be intense, sixty below, he may wrap duffel-cloth about his feet. He is like an animal in his power to resist a low temperature. He puts fuel into the furnace—fat pork and tea—smokes his pipe, and lo! he laughs at the storm king. When night comes he builds a fire, wraps himself in one blanket (if he be a Sybarite, of luxurious habit, his blanket may be lined with woven rabbit skins), burrows in the snow, and, surrounded by his dogs, sleeps like a babe in a warm nursery. The huskies curl their big bushy tails over their noses to retain the animal heat, the trapper pulls his covering over his head, and together they rest in peace.

Or perhaps he may wait until spring and come out by canoe.

His pelts he will turn over to the factor who outfitted him. The latter will allow him the current price in Edmonton, deduct the amount of his account, and tell the fur winner his balance.

Then the picturesque childishness of the half-breed's nature will assert itself in an ever-recurring form. The sudden acquisition of wealth, a balance on the right side, will trouble him sorely. He will sit beside the box stove in the H. B. store, smoke many meditative pipes of tobacco, which the factor has no doubt given him as a present, take furtive looks at the wealth of desirable possessions decorating the board walls of the shack—rainbow-hued silk handkerchiefs, struggling in a vain effort to harmonize green and blue, crimson and bilious yellow; prints and calicoes, so unlike the gray symphony he has seen in Nature's woof all his life; tin caddies of tobacco, rich brown and of a deep blackness; guns and ammunition, sugar and tea—of a verity it carries a tremendous responsibility to become suddenly rich.

Having the power to obtain these things for the mere pointing of a finger, he hesitates; sits for hours thinking out the tortuous problem, and trying to tabulate the purchases that have possessed his mind during months of weary waiting. He does not talk much, and his conversation is wholly irrelevant to the subject—the last dance at Latour's shack, perchance, where Big Pete Descoign most emphatically blackened Louis Lefete's eye. All the details of this house party he will gather in, while appearing wholly indifferent to the glamour of the factor's goods.

The factor knows his man and leaves him alone.

A cowboy hat! Yes; surely he has promised himself one if he should be fortunate enough to catch a black fox: and has he not killed two, with not overmuch silver hair in the pelt, therefore netting him thirty dollars each?

He points at the hat—it is on his head. The fit is of little moment—the factor must see to that. A wide leather band with three bright buckles is the abiding charm of the headgear. It remains on his head; his old one is passed on to a less fortunate breed sitting by, for he is generous and improvident, as any child should be.

The hat, being a Stett, has cost him ten dollars; but that is nothing. The seller, who is an H. B. man, has but one price; also, is not the fur winner a man of wealth? and is not wealth a thing of distraction?

Of a verity he is a six-foot boy.

His new possession is to him as blue china to a parvenu—he must live up to it. He acquires other raiment, with thoughtful waits between purchases: a blue and white striped sweater, gaudily-colored underclothing, and a suit of store clothes.

Then he runs into knickknacks. A silk handkerchief and boots—not heavy, serviceable footwear, but boots for show, to decorate a dance, to smash the hearts of admiring girls, to lift lightly in the Red River jig when he strives to dance down all other men of stamina.

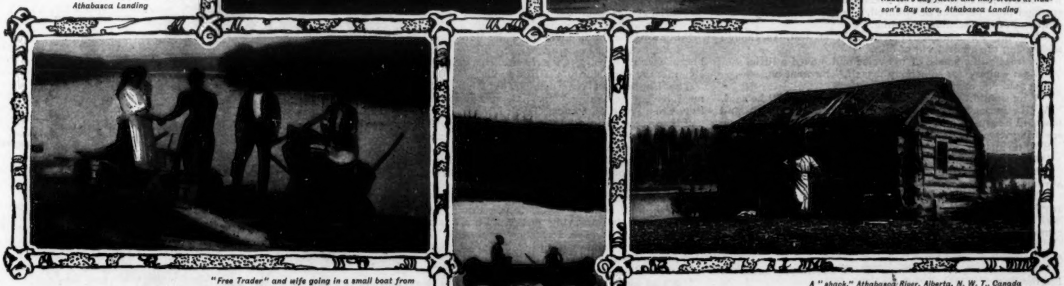
If the Indian blood is very strong—three-quarters—he will roll up his trousers and show the gaudy underclothing

(*Continued on Page 22*)

Half-breed boatman dancing to fiddle

Hudson's Bay factor's house, Athabasca Landing

Hudson's Bay factor and half-breeds at Hudson's Bay store, Athabasca Landing



"Free Trader" and wife going in a small boat from Athabasca Landing to his post on Great Slave Lake

On a lake

A "shack," Athabasca River, Alberta, N. W. T., Canada

Love While You Wait

By Lloyd Osbourne

—almost before he had time to bow she was in the buggy with George and disappearing down the road

HE WAS sitting on the fence swinging his legs and looking up and down the empty road, a pale, fair man of about thirty. His clothes were unmistakably English; his eyeglass was unmistakably English; even the tilt of his head as he surveyed the summer landscape recalled one peremptorily to Britain. One could not look at him twice without a haunting sense of horse and caste, the first emphasized by a horseshoe pin, the second by an air at once shy, friendly and well bred. Miss Jessie Farmiloe was not a little surprised to find her trysting-place in such possession, and as she walked irresolutely past the intruder her pretty face colored pink with displeasure. She turned, after a few steps, and came back; it would never do to miss George, who was to meet her with his trotters at the cross-roads; the stranger must perforce be endured, a large, checked fly in the ointment of that summer morning.

"Waiting for somebody?" he said at last, as though addressing the air in front of him.

She froze at the sound of his voice and moved a little.

"I am waiting for somebody myself," he went on.

She made no answer.

"Why shouldn't you and I entertain each other?" he said. "As like as not we are both expecting the same person, and it would be stupid, you know, if he found us here and not on speaking terms."

Still no answer.

"It's a free country," he said.

"You seem to think it freer than it is," she retorted, her affronted gray eyes meeting his.

"You mustn't think I'm a cad," he said. "I didn't mean any harm by speaking to you. Blanchard was to meet me here in a drag with a lot of Casino girls. Was it such a crime that I fancied you were one of them?"

"Thank you," she said. "I don't know Mr. Blanchard, and I am not a Casino girl."

"I see I've put my foot into it horribly," said the Englishman.

There was another silence. The stranger sighed. Miss Farmiloe drew diagrams in the road with the tip of her parasol, and wished, with all her heart, for George.

"Don't you think you are rather silly," said the Englishman at last. "I mean, not to talk to me, just because somebody hasn't mumbled the magic formula of introduction. Surely you can tell by my voice that I do not wish to be forward or impertinent. Of course, if you are going to keep me in the wrong and not answer, there is only one thing a gentleman can do: retire!"

"And miss Mr. Blanchard and the Casino girls!" said Miss Farmiloe, slightly relenting.

"Oh, I say, you don't want me to go," said the Englishman. "I mean, you wouldn't care to mortify me like that. Upon my soul, I intended no disrespect."

"You shouldn't speak to young ladies you are not acquainted with," she returned. "If you're misjudged you've only yourself to thank for it."

"I have only been in Amurka a week," he said. "I thought in a republic one citizen might venture to address another. You mustn't be too hard on me; I'm only what they call a fool Englishman, you know."

"You make that very plain," she said.

"It's the Americans that do," he retorted; and as he spoke he drew out a large silk handkerchief and laid it over the top rail.

"Let me offer you a seat," he said.

"But you must move to the next post," she said.

The Englishman obeyed with alacrity.

"Is that right?" he asked. "Is that the proper distance?"

"Oh, it'll do," she replied. "I don't think even George ought to mind twelve feet."

"So there's a George," he said; "always a George. I'm the unluckiest fellow that ever was born."

"Well, I guess you're somebody's George yourself," she said.

"That's the worst of it," he returned. "I'm lots of people's George—over there, I mean—everybody's George, you know. That's why I like Amurka; nobody knows me; I glow with satisfaction when the hotel clerk cheeks me, and the free-born menials throw me my boots. Gad, it's refreshing; it's the savagery of freedom; take it and be durned—that's the keynote!"

"I know who you are," said Miss Farmiloe. "I felt certain I had seen your picture in the paper, but I mixed you up with the missing witness in the forgery case and the man that dynamited the Safe Deposit. Of course I know you; you're the Sturdevants' Duke!"

"Marquis, not Duke," returned the Englishman; "a trifling feudal distinction, not worth the trouble of explaining. Yes, I do belong to the Sturdevants. They imported me regardless of expense, and are now living up to me with prodigality. But all the same, they're nice people. Do you know them?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "Not the Sturdevants! We're only shoddy, you know, and they consider themselves the real thing. They look upon us as just dirt."

"More money?" inquired the Marquis.

"Oh, that, and other things," said Miss Farmiloe; "not but what we're rich ourselves. Pa's a multi-millionaire, you know; at least that is what the papers call him; though I don't believe he has a bean, myself. Pa's the sort of millionaire that owns everything in sight and then has to borrow his car fare!"

"Poor Pa," said the Marquis. "The deuce of it is that I'm in the same box. It's all very fine to own castles, but there's nothing like a little tin in one's pocket. Poor Pa!"

"Oh, Papa's all right," she said comfortingly. "Everybody has a crush on Pa!"

"So you're only shoddy," he said, looking at her with a smile that was in itself a compliment.

"Only shoddy!" she returned. "Oh, Iago, the pity of it!"

"You're monstrously pretty," he said.

"Oh, we have our points, I suppose," she returned quickly, as though to elude his blunt admiration. "When the Sturdevants have so much it would be a shame if they had everything. But we never owned a Marquis, and the only aristocrat I ever knew was a waiter. Everybody said he was a real Baron at home."

"But now you know me!" said the Marquis.

"I don't call this knowing you," said Miss Farmiloe, "just because we're twosing on a fence. If anybody asks me if I've met the dear Marquis, I'll say nit!"

The Englishman regarded her gloomily. "Everything must have a beginning," he said. "I suppose there was a time when you didn't know George!"

"It was the funniest thing the way I met George," said Miss Farmiloe. "We were quarantined—he and I, and two other boys, and my uncle's whole family; the rest got diphtheria and we got engaged. George always said we were bound to get something, and I guess he preferred me."

"Lucky George!" said the Marquis.

"I don't know whether I'd call him that," said Miss Farmiloe. "I mean not yet, if you think there'd be any kind of luck in marrying me. It isn't a sure thing for George at all. You see, I arranged it so that he is engaged and I am not. I didn't want people going around afterward and saying I was a heartless little flirt."

"Oh, no," said the Englishman.

"It's an awful bother to like a man a great deal, and yet not like him enough," continued Miss Farmiloe confidentially. "There are times when I think George just ordinary, and others when I'm perfectly silly about him. If I could only talk it over with Pa—as I do other things—I might begin to know where I am at. But Pa thinks George an idiot—and, do you know—sometimes I do, too!"

"Couldn't you try me?" said the Marquis.

"You know the Sturdevants wouldn't like it," she returned.

"I will ask them," he said ironically.

"Besides, you're an Englishman," she continued. "We don't go a cent on Englishmen. See how you treated us in Seventy-six!"

"I am afraid it has escaped me," he said. "What harm did we do you in Seventy-six?"

"Oh, the Revolution, you know!" said Miss Farmiloe. "Just the way you're doing up the poor Boers now. We hate Englishmen in this country!"

"The Sturdevants think heaps of *me*," said the Marquis.

"But they are not Americans," said Miss Farmiloe; "not real Americans like us. Besides, you belong to them; you're their dog; you play in their yard, you know!"

"I'd much rather play in yours," he said.

"It would hardly pay you to do it," said Miss Farmiloe. "I shan't have a million on my marriage day like Christina Sturdevant. The man that takes me will have to hustle."

"Can't you imagine a man caring for something else than money?" said the Marquis.

"Not an Englishman," she replied. "Least of all a Duke. I don't suppose you'd be here at all if the dukery wasn't pegging out."

"It's the agricultural depression," said the Marquis.

"It's really a pity you're an Englishman," she went on. "I simply couldn't bring myself to like an Englishman—not in that way."

"The way you like George?" he said.

"There's everything against you," said Miss Farmiloe. "I don't want to call names, but really, as a nation you've an awfully black record. You're the hereditary enemy; you beat your wives, and turn up your trousers at the bottom; and when you're abroad you wear pugrees on your hats; and then, your only idea of fun is to go out and kill something. Besides all that, we've our family reasons for being down on you. You burned my great-grandfather's shoe store in 1814 when you seized Washington."

The Marquis groaned. "My grandfather served in that same campaign," he said. "As like as not he was the actual sinner that burned the shoe store! Wouldn't it be a beastly coincidence?"

"I don't know," said Miss Farmiloe. "I mean, I don't care. I wish George would come."

"I jolly well hope he won't," said the Marquis.

"Are you having such a good time, then?" asked Miss Farmiloe.

"Are you?" he returned.

"Oh, just so-so," she said.

"I suppose it's my fault," said the Marquis, "but nobody was ever really dead nuts on me. People run after a title and all that; but it's the name, not the man."

"You're all right," said Miss Farmiloe. "All you need is a little more confidence in yourself."

"I often have a feeling of being an outsider in life," he continued moodily. "I am always acting a part and living up to a conspicuous position. I'm on a pinnacle and I don't know how to get off. If you only knew how devilish lonely it is sometimes, you'd be sorry for me. And, do you know, it gives me a pang of envy to see other people so happy. I suppose you'll think me a donkey, but do you know I'd give a good deal to change places with George."

"There are other pebbles on the beach," said Miss Farmiloe.

"Let George go and look for them, then," he said.

"Why don't you?" she said. "The world is bursting with girls."

"There's only one for me," said the Marquis.

"Waiting for somebody?" he said at last, as though addressing the air in front of him

"You don't suppose I'm going to throw George over and break his heart?" she demanded mockingly.

"I've a heart, too!"

"I know where you can swap it for a million."

"I can get more than that at home."

"Then you'd better take the next steamer."

"You see, I want yours."

"It takes two to make a trade," she said. "Besides, you really ought to consider George; he has a sort of quarter-interest in mine."

"You mean you are infernally fond of him?" he asked.

"I wouldn't put it as strong as that," she returned. "But honestly, I do like him pretty well."

"Head over ears in love with him, in fact," said the Marquis.

"Perhaps I am," she said, "though it's an impertinence for you to say it. You wouldn't venture on that kind of thing to Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

"I am sure I beg your pardon," said the Marquis. "I say," he went on, "you wouldn't care to give me one of those rosebuds for a keepsake?"

"What would you do with it if I did?" she asked.

"I'd wear it to-day in my buttonhole," he answered, "and to-morrow against my heart."

"And day after to-morrow?" she said.

"I meant always," he returned. "For ever and ever."

"I thought Marquises were made of sterner stuff," she said.

"I suppose a man's a fool that falls in love at sight!" he exclaimed.

"They only do that in books," she returned. "I've never done it under nine days myself."

"But my rosebud!" he said.

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Please," he persisted.

"What would George think?"

"George needn't know."

"You've been very nice and pleasant—for an Englishman," she said. "I guess I must give you one; only you mustn't feel uppish and conceited about it!"

"I wasn't joking," he said. "I'll keep it forever."

"I heard that first at the High School," she said.

"You may think differently about it some day," he said. "If I should get knocked over you'll remember that little withered flower."

"You talk like a ninepin!" she exclaimed.

"I'm a soldier," he said. "There have been authenticated cases of soldiers being shot!"

"I didn't know you were a soldier, too," she said. "I didn't know that you did anything except be a Marquis."

"Oh, yes," he said; "I left Africa on sick leave, and in five days I start again for the front."

"You'll never get killed," she said. "They don't waste Marquises like that; they put them on the lines of communication."

"I knew one Marquis," he said, "that died sword in hand at the head of his regiment. It was my poor brother Aubyn, at Magersfontein, whose death brought me the title. What happened once may happen again, especially as I have a sort of presentiment that I'll never come back. Tell me, wouldn't you feel the least bit sorry if I were to follow him?"

"I suppose I would," she returned. "Women are such fools. I would say to myself: there goes my only chance of ever becoming a—what do you call a Marquis' wife?"

"A Marchioness," he answered. "Say the word, and I'll make you one to-morrow!"

"Oh, you spoil everything so!" she exclaimed.. "If you only knew how well it suits you to look serious and dignified you wouldn't say things like that. I suppose you have a perfectly killing uniform, only I wish you were wearing it in a better cause."

"We have nothing to do with that," he said. "It isn't for us to reason why."

"I guess your grandfather said that when he burned our shoe store," she said.

"You're wandering from the point!"

"I didn't know there was a point," she replied.

"Oh, yes, there is," he said; "the way you'll feel when you read in the papers I am dead."

"Naturally, I'll feel rather cut up about it," she said; "if that'll be any comfort to you, you ought to know it. When I was a child on the farm we could never eat a chicken we had given a name to. I'll have that sort of feeling now when I read the big headlines at breakfast: 'The British Blunder Again. Another Boer Trap! Won't my heart go pit-a-pat till I read you're safe!"

"And if you read the contrary?" he demanded.

"There won't be any contrary," she returned. "Another Unfortunate Occurrence—Capture of a Whole Battalion—the Boers retired in disorder with their prisoners, amongst whom I regret to include Captain the Marquis of Clovelly."

"You're cruel," he said. "Gad, that kind of thing hurts!"

"I didn't half mean it," she said relentingly.

"You *would* care!" he said.

"You want me to weep over you in advance," she returned. "You're getting ahead of the game."

"A man appears to poor advantage on the top of a fence," said the Marquis; "especially when he's in earnest and is talking to a person he has never seen before—a person whose good opinion has suddenly become, you know, of tremendous importance to him. If only I had more time I shouldn't care so much. But five days! It staggers a fellow!"

"Breaks you all up," said Miss Farmiloe.

"Honestly now," he said, "tell me—should I have the ghost of a show?"

"I don't understand," she said.

"Yes, you do," he went on. "Were you only fooling me about George?"

"I told you the way I felt about George," she returned. He groaned.

"Then there's no hope!"

"A man ought never to admit that," she said. "If I were a man I'd have the woman I wanted whether she wanted *me* or not!"

"In five days!" he cried.

"It *is* short. But it's your own fault for having wasted so much time!"

"Is that the proper distance?"
"Oh, it'll do," she replied

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"How was I to know that the one girl in the world for me lived here?" he cried.

"You could have asked the Sturdevants," she said.

"Hush," she added quickly, "don't you hear the wheels?"

"Oh, I can't let you go like this," he exclaimed.

"I don't know what you can do about it," she said.

"If only I had a crumb to go on!" he cried.

"There'll probably be lunch in the drag," she said.

"Only five days!" he exclaimed. "It's horrible."

"Lots of big things have been pulled off in five days," she said. "There he is," she added. "Dear old George; doesn't he handle the ribbons like an angel!"

"I don't even know your name!" cried the Marquis, "nor where you live—nor anything!"

"My friends all call me Nicky," she returned, "and our telephone is Yellow, double one double six. If you care to, you may ring me up at a quarter to five."

"But——" he expostulated.

"Just ask for Nicky," she said, sliding off the fence. "Yellow, double one double six. Don't forget!" She turned with a charming smile, and almost before he had time to bow she was in the buggy with George and disappearing down the road.

Men of One Joke

By William Mathews

CHARLES LAMB tells in one of his unique letters of an old gentleman of threescore and ten, with whom he boarded in 1829, "who had one joke and forty pounds a year, upon which he had retired in a green old age." This seems a scanty amount both of money and of fun upon which to support life. But men's wants were more limited in those days than now, and a little cash and a little pleasantry yielded more enjoyment than to-day. Then, again, the old gentleman's solitary jest might have been phenomenal in facetiousness—as rare as Sir Toby Balch's catch, that could "draw three souls out of one weaver;" a jest that had "cut and come again" in it, and never pailed by repetition—like Hardcastle's story of Old Grouse in the gun-room in Goldsmith's play, She Stoops to Conquer, of which those who had heard it said: "Your worship must not tell that story if we are not to laugh. . . . We have laughed at it these twenty years." Finally, the delight which the old gentleman's joke gave him, and perhaps others, may have been due, not merely or mainly to the *jeu d'esprit* itself, but to the way in which it was uttered—each repetition being an improvement on its predecessor, with more and more diverting variations.

John Foster, the great thinker and essayist, seems to have been a man of one pun. We are familiar with all of his books and letters, and we have encountered in them all but one joke—a pun. In a letter addressed to Sir C. E. Smith, April 9, 1840, he speaks of one Thorogood as probably doomed to die in prison for non-payment of a church-rate. "His suffering example," he writes, "*may* do great good—*will*, unless the clergy and their corrupt adherents shall resolutely and successfully maintain their detestable courts. There is no hateful part of their institutions which they have not a *thoro'-good* will to maintain and perpetuate."

The poet Cowper had an abundance of wit and humor, as his John Gilpin and his poem on Conversation testify. His most ludicrous lines, he tells us, were written in the saddest mood, and for the same reason that he made rabbit-hatches or tamed hares—to get rid of his melancholy. It seems strange that for this purpose he never in his writings perpetrated a pun. It is not because he was a verbal Unitarian, who despised puns—for no one ever scorned a good pun who was able to make one. Moreover, it appears from a letter of one Doctor Johnson, a relative, that the poet did, once at least in his social life, indulge in one of "these agreeable levities, these twinkling corpuscula of conversation," as Lamb calls them. "Poor dear Cowper!" wrote the Doctor to John Newton, when sending his kind regards to him and his niece, Miss Catlett; "oh, that he were as tolerable as he was even in those days when, dwelling with you and that lady at his house in Buckinghamshire, I could not help laughing to see his pleasant face when he said: 'Miss *Catlett*, shall I give you a piece of the *cutlet*?'"

One of the gravest and austerest writers with whom we are familiar is Guizot, the luminous historian of Civilization. Sainte-Beuve justly complains that with him the ridiculous and ironical side of things, of which other historians make too much, has no place. "Of those moral reflections which instruct and delight, which recreate humanity and restore it to itself, like those which escape incessantly from Voltaire, he has none. His style——*is sad, and never laughs.*" Judge, then, of his reader's astonishment, when once, and once only, in Guizot's great history, he encounters a bit of humor, an actual, bona fide jest! Speaking of the readiness of men to surrender to ecclesiastical authority their reason, their conscience—that in them which is most individual and freest—he says: "One can conceive, up to a certain point, that man may abandon to an external authority the direction of his material interests, of his temporal destiny. One understands that philosopher, who, when told that his house was on fire, replied, 'Go tell my wife; I do not trouble myself with domestic matters.' But when conscience, thought, the inner existence, are concerned, to abdicate all self-government, to deliver one's self up to a foreign power—that is a veritable suicide, a slavery worse than that of the body, than that of the serf." The anecdotal allusion in this passage contrasts so utterly with the unvarying solemnity of his style that it looks like an interpolation. It affects one like a joke on a gravestone or in a ledger.

Photographing Butterflies and Insects

The Garden Spider

IN MAKING photographs of insects one may have in view the object of obtaining strictly conventional scientific figures wherewith to illustrate some work on entomology. To obtain such pictures we follow a special line of procedure somewhat different from that pursued when we aim to secure results in which the artistic or natural elements predominate.

A great many insects of the various groups and orders are extremely beautiful in form, color and structure. Butterflies and moths, for example, stand among the most gorgeous creatures in Nature, and many beetles are so brilliant in color and so curious in form that they have been used in the ornamental parts of jewelry and dress by the most advanced nations of the world throughout history.

Insects occur everywhere, and probably over a million of them are known to science, while it would be difficult to estimate the enormous number of them in various parts of the world that still remain to be described. In size they range all the way from the most minute microscopic forms, barely visible to the naked eye, to butterflies, beetles and grasshoppers over half a foot long in extent or expanse. They live in all imaginable sorts of places, as in the water, under the ground, in borings made in all sorts of material, and are in general distribution throughout Nature.

Apart from the application of the three-color process now rapidly being perfected, when an entomologist or naturalist photographer desires to make camera pictures of types of insects of sufficient size not to demand the employment of the microscope he proceeds in one of two ways. As I have said in a preceding paragraph, one of these may have as its aim the procuring of scientific illustrations for works on classification, or for those devoted purely to the descriptions of species and their diagnosis. On the other hand, we may desire to give the appearance of the insects in Nature, exhibiting their haunts and habits, and this for a great variety of purposes.

But then again, and quite apart from all this, there are a great many people in the world who, though they may not be naturalists in the strict sense of the word, are yet very fond of the beautiful in Nature, and delight in studying many of the living forms they meet with in their rambles through the woods and forests, in their boating expeditions, or in their strolls in the byways and lanes, or even over the meadows and pastures of country homes. Nowadays, when nearly every one is an amateur photographer and makes many pretty pictures for permanent preservation to commemorate what is seen in rambles or more extensive travels, we frequently meet with those who, interested in the beautiful in insect life, desire also to obtain photographs of such subjects to add to their collections.

Now, many of the principles employed in the photography of insects are in a general way identical with those described in my article on photographing nests and nestlings, which has already appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and still there is a good deal in insect photography that is not at all applicable to the photography of birdlings, and *vice versa*. From their incessant activity, some insects are extremely difficult subjects to obtain good, or even passable, photographic pictures of, while others present few or no difficulties to those familiar with the methods ordinarily employed.

In my own experience, and with the vast majority of insect pictures I take, I aim to secure the subjects in natural size, while in the case of nests and nestlings this is not done in more than ten per cent. of the instances. Then, in making scientific pictures of insects, their living, or sometimes their lifeless, forms are attached by means of wax to a clear pane of glass, which is fixed in a vertical position, perpendicular to the visual and focal axis of the lens, and parallel to a pure white or perhaps a black background, held in place some ten or more inches behind it. Nothing of this character would, of course, ever be thought of in ornithological photography.

In the present article I am putting severely aside all of the strictly scientific procedures, and entomological photography here comes to be the making, with the camera, of pretty pictures of familiar insects; pictures such as can be made by any one of my friends in the art, be they amateurs or otherwise.

A very important matter to be considered in this connection is the question of backgrounds and the eligibility of accessories in the pictures. Already I have had something to say, in a former article, on the subject of the first-mentioned question, and on how a large sheet of pure white blotting paper was to be used to secure a perfectly immaculate background, admitting of the introduction of only such accessories as the artist desired to appear.

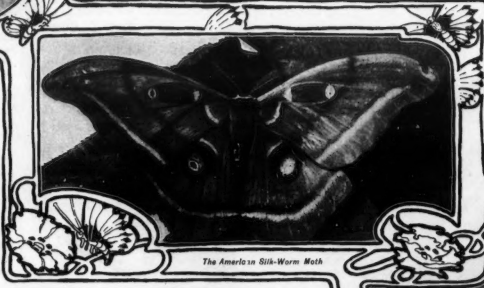
A good example of this is exhibited in my picture with this article of the butterfly and day lily, where, after three-quarters of an hour of patient handling, I enticed a superb specimen of the Turnus butterfly to alight just where I wanted him, on one of the lower petals of the lily. It was Mr. Alfred Steiglitz, however, a very distinguished American photographic artist, who pointed out for us that, if we place the subject we desire to photograph some ten or twelve feet away from a mass of dense foliage, in an afternoon sun, with the latter shining directly on the view side or aspect of the subject, the foliage will be entirely lacking in definition, and will act as the very best kind of a black background for out-of-doors exposures and studies.

My picture of the bumblebee and thistle will show how nicely this plan works. Here I simply selected a fine thistle-top of flowers one bright afternoon, that grew some several feet away from a bank of dense foliage, and, with the sun at my back, I focused on the thistle as sharply as possible, and when a hungry bee came along for its evening sip of honey I made an instantaneous snap on the whole, and obtained the result here shown.

I obtain a very similar indoor effect by employing black cambric as a background, as this I sometimes use where I desire to get the full beauty of pure white flowers, and where the insect to be photographed will not suffer by the treatment or the contrast. To illustrate this class of studies I offer my picture of the bumblebee and the dogwood flowers. Often, in the early spring, when the first-coming insects may be chilled during the night, we find them resting on some flower in the first part of the forenoon, and all one has to do is carefully to snip off with a pair of scissors all of the subject that is desired in a picture, including the insect. Then, taking the twig immediately to the studio, fasten it in a little vise screwed to the top of a tripod, and placing the whole affair in the proper light, and pinning up your black cambric background, take the picture. This may be done by any amateur photographer without meeting any special difficulties.

There is still another method of obtaining fine dark backgrounds in the case of large light-tinted insects, as, for example, our lovely luna or emperor moth, the wings of which are of a beautiful pale green, with distinct eye-spots on the inferior pair. My study of one of these beauties represents it resting upon the blackish bark of the black-jack oak, and the contrast gives a very pleasing effect.

A combination of a very dark background with the light-struck leaves as accessories is shown in my study of our large black and yellow garden spider. He had spread his pretty web across a morning-glory vine, the growth of the vine affording him quite an open space in the rear, where it was dense, and therefore acting as in the case described above of the bumblebee



The American Silk-Worm Moth

A Sphinx Moth

Butterflies and Grasshopper

A big green Caterpillar

A Cicada emerging from its shell

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

With Photographs by the Author

and the thistle. We who have lived in the country parts of the Atlantic States know this fine spider very well, and the peculiar vertical zigzag he makes of pure white web down from the centre of his net, and the funny way he has of violently vibrating the latter when his spidership is disturbed by anything striking him or his snare.

A strong contrast of light and dark is shown in the reproduction of my photograph of the American silk-worm moth, very shortly after it had left its cocoon. This study was placed in the light in such a manner that the wings of the right side took *light* against the dark effect offered by the large linden-leaves behind them, while the pair of the opposite side, where the background was principally white, took dark; and thus, as a picture, the whole offers a very effective contrast. In the picture of the spider and ball a very instructive result was obtained, as strictly an out-of-door study in a very bright light. The large spider there shown is one of our best known vagrant spiders, that carries her young about in a silken case or ball of her own manufacture, until they are strong enough to shift for themselves.

To attempt to obtain a photograph of one of these spiders upon the ground would not be successful in one case out of fifty. The plan is, when you meet with one in your hunting with a camera, to cut out a sod near by, with a very little vegetation upon it, and place the same in some elevated position about five feet above the ground. Next fix your white background in the rear of this, and, setting up your camera, secure in sharp focus *this part* of your picture on the ground-glass first. Now get your spider to run up on some large leaf or something, and quietly transfer him to the sod. As you know he is in focus, the exposure can be made at once. Studies of this character can also be made in one's studio, as I did with my dragon-fly and the pretty little butterflies and grasshopper. The latter is the veriest little tidbit of Nature, taken directly from the meadow where I found it.

There is a long chapter in the natural history of insects that has to deal with what is generally known as "protective resemblance" in them; a subject, be it understood, quite distinct from the matter of a "protective mimicry" in insects. For example, there are species of butterflies which, when quietly resting upon the twigs of certain bushes and plants, with their wings closed together, resemble so closely a leaf that often the eye of the keenest observer is deceived.

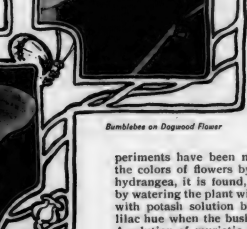
But then again, insects, for well-known purposes, possess an appearance so closely mimicking the form of some other species, generally belonging to an entirely different group, that the deception is often quite complete. It is out of the question to enter upon so extensive a subject here, but I may say in passing that good photographic pictures, clearly showing either protective resemblances in insects or cases of protective mimicry, should never be passed by, and the naturalist-photographer should invariably, if the circumstances admit of it, make permanent record of such instances by the use of his camera. A very fair example of protective resemblance is seen in the picture where a beautiful sphinx moth has lit upon the side of the trunk of a birch tree, and its presence is at first not apparent, owing to the fact that its wings so closely resemble the upcurled bits of bark of the birch. It is obvious that such resemblances will often save the insect from destruction, and the closer the resemblance the greater are the chances of its safety. Every one knows how slow we sometimes are to detect the presence of a large green caterpillar on a plant of any kind in full leaf, and this is simply another instance of what I have just been speaking about.

Habits of insects also may often be illustrated by means of photography, and entire life-histories of certain forms have thus been portrayed, both with fine effect and to very useful ends and purposes. Enough has been presented, I think, to show not only what a delightful and useful study the study of insects can be made, but how much that delight and usefulness can be enhanced by photography.

Spider carrying her young in a silken ball

Bumblebee and Thistle

A Dragon-Fly



Bumblebee on Dogwood Flower

The Luna Moth

Scientific Curios

MUCH interest was excited at the Paris Exposition by a black rose—that is to say, a rose plant which bore flowers of so dark a purple as to be dingy black in ordinary lights. Certainly it was a great curiosity, though it can hardly be said that the blossoms were beautiful.

Recently some interesting experiments have been made in Germany in the way of altering the colors of flowers by chemical artifices. The common white hydrangea, it is found, can be made to produce pink blossoms by watering the plant with a solution of copperas. Roses watered with potash solution become green, and the blooms assume a lilac hue when the bushes are watered with a solution of alum. A solution of muriatic acid similarly applied changes pink carnations to copper red and turns lilacs green.

As a preliminary to these experiments, various purple and red flowers were examined for the purpose of finding out what the nature of their coloring matter is. It turned out to be what is called "flower blue," mixed with a red coloring substance, the compound being held in solution by the plants. Such being the case, the juice of the flowers was colored like the flowers themselves, and, being squeezed out, could be treated conveniently with chemicals. In this way changes of hue were obtained, and it was ascertained that similar changes could be accomplished by watering the plants in pots. Finally, it was shown that the cut flowers, when their stems were immersed in the chemical solutions, underwent alterations like those already described, such as roses turning purple.

Like results cannot be obtained with yellow flowers, because their coloring is due to a granular pigment deposited in the cell walls. In the case of the purple and red blossoms, as already stated, a colored cell sap is accountable for the beautiful hues which are so much admired.

Though many attempts in that direction have been made, nobody has succeeded in persuading Nature to produce a black tulip. Perhaps, though she withholds this interesting ornament from the flower garden, chemistry may yet solve the problem.

A yet more extraordinary counterfeit of natural processes is the result of an ingenious Englishman's experiments. A total eclipse of the sun is so rare a spectacle that, when one occurs, it excites a more widespread interest than almost any mere sublunary event. The notion of presenting a counterfeit of such a phenomenon in a drawing-room, to order, is certainly remarkable, and the plan adopted for the purpose is of a notably novel character. It depends not at all upon the reproduction of photographs of an actual eclipse, but is wholly artificial.

A rectangular tank of glass is the principal feature of the apparatus employed in this simple experiment, which may be reproduced by anybody who will take a small amount of trouble for the amusement of himself and his friends. If you happen to have a small aquarium it will do first rate. Fill it with clean water, and add a tablespoonful of alcoholic solution of mastic, which, being thrown down in a fine precipitate, will give to the water a milky appearance.

Next take an ordinary six-candle-power incandescent lamp, and pass the wires that lead to it through a short glass tube, fastening the lamp tightly with sealing-wax to the end of the tube, so that no water can be admitted to the latter during the subsequent proceedings. The arrangement should be such that the lamp will stand at right angles with the tube, and to the tip of the lamp must be firmly attached a disk of metal somewhat greater in diameter than the lamp itself.

Now immerse the whole affair in the aquarium in such a way that the metal disk shall be held close against the front glass of the tank. Darken the room, seat the spectators in front of the tank, and turn on the electric current. Immediately (the metal disk representing the moon) the onlookers will behold a beautiful representation of a total eclipse of the sun, with an exquisite corona caused by the scattering of light by the small particles of mastic suspended in the water.

To render the effect perfect, a small quantity of solution of malachite-green aniline dye should be put into the water, giving to the sky—which is represented by the water—the peculiar and weirdly greenish tint that characterizes the real sky on the occasion of a solar eclipse. This, too, brings out with greater distinctness the corona, which extends its misty streamers of pearly lustre and exquisite texture far out into the background of the counterfeit heavens. The effect is exactly like that of an actual eclipse, and a photograph of it would be accepted even by the most expert astronomer as an actual snap-shot of the celestial phenomenon.

Masters of Men By Morgan Robertson

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FORTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

HUNTING is an ancient institution; it began when the first monera found others in their way. Man was a hunter when, more brute than human, he fought his enemies with claws and teeth. Then, with the development of his prehensile thumb, he brought to his aid clubs and stones. The club became a mace, later a tomahawk of stone or iron, and for the speedier propulsion of the stone was invented the sling. The sling suggested the catapult and the bow; the edge of the tomahawk prompted the knife, the spear and the sword. Man now called himself civilized, and with his civilization came a new weapon—brain. Then diplomacy and business method came into vogue as potent weapons in warfare. Then came gunpowder, and the hollow tube to confine it and direct the projectile driven by its expansion.

These were great inventions, superseding the spear and the knife, the tomahawk and the bow, leaving only the sword—a cumbersome article of dress. The hollow tube developed into the rapid-fire rifle—the solid projectile into a shell. And to aid this gun to fire its shell to best advantage, science was cultivated, and the battleship—the culmination of every art, trade and invention of civilized man—was produced to carry the gun which fired the shell. But through every change of weapon and method, man, the hunter, has remained the same. Singly or collectively—as family, tribe or nation—he survives only by the destruction of his enemies. He is still a hunter, and on this bright Sunday morning near the end of the nineteenth century, Dick Halpin, wounded, faint and discouraged, played a passive part in one of the fiercest hunts that ever occurred on earth. Ostensibly, it was a duel between the representatives of two warring nations; in reality, a chase of men by men, with victory for prize, and the considerations of honor, glory and patriotism. And the weapons of the hunters were the most deadly devised by inventive genius—ranging from machine guns, capable of sixty shots a minute, through the various grades of larger calibres to turreted rifles which spoke only twenty times an hour, but which sent a pointed cylinder of five hundred and fifty pounds' weight through a foot-thick steel wall to explode within.

Parched with thirst and bleeding, his arm and leg numbed with pain, Dick Halpin lay under the hot sun on the hotter deck, with two rills of pinkish water trickling from his drenched clothing to the scuppers—one to starboard, one to port—and took such cognizance of the hunt as was in his power. Facing aft, he saw officers on the bridge, paying him no attention whatever; later, as the ship rang with the blows of projectiles, they disappeared—he knew not where. Shells were crashing into the hull beneath him, coming from ahead and to port, but he could not move to look, nor did he care to.

Far back on the starboard quarter he could see enacted a scene of a terrible drama that would have engaged a livelier attention than his. The three following cruisers were drawing to port, the leader just discernible past the forward turret; but the two torpedo boats which brought up the rear had swerved inshore, as though to avoid the fire from the American ships, and charging across the wake of the parade was a clipper-bowed converted yacht, almost hidden in the smoke of her guns. She was hunting, and her prey was the torpedo contingent. Spitting fire and steel through the cloud of smoke which almost enveloped her, she passed out of Dick's sight behind the turret and superstructure, then emerged into view on the starboard quarter. One torpedo boat turned shoreward, steam and smoke oozing from her riven hull, and a few minutes later seemed to melt away in the surf of the beach; the other kept on, smoking like her sister, until a violent explosion occurred amidships. She settled by the stern, her bow lifted like the nose of a drowning dog, then sank. Again it lifted, higher and higher, until a third of the keel was exposed, and in a cloud of steam she slid stern first to the bottom.

The flagship rang and crashed and roared with the noise of shells received and sent. There was not a man to be seen on her deck, but at certain moments—at intervals between the deafening riots of sound—Dick heard fragmentary shrieks and howls from the gun-deck beneath. Men were suffering down there, and when a large shell entered the bow, and marked its raking passage aft by tremors and convulsions in every plate, the humming of human voices spoke more of agony than poor Dick could comprehend. Then came a blinding flash of light at the gun-port of the forward turret, and the thunderous roar brought the horror of war still closer home to him; a shell had exploded within, and the belching cloud of yellow smoke was streaked with dark lines, fragments of—something.

The gun was silent for a while, and in the lull the ship swung seaward, offering to Dick's vision the dark green background of the Cuban hills, a slight rest for his aching eyes. But there was no rest for his ears nor his nerves—the crashing of shot and shell, and the chattering and roaring of guns continued until, in a fever of desperate curiosity, he summoned strength and rolled on his side, groaning with pain, but more content. He could see the Iowa. She was storming along in her smoke, tongues of flame piercing the fleecy envelope, her superstructure a scintillating line of sparkling red. The ship turned back to her course, and soon the Texas came in sight—the ridiculed Texas, "hoodoo" of the fleet—blazing away with her sponson guns and keeping pace with the invincible Iowa. Then appeared the three-funneled Brooklyn, the racer, the happy compromise of guns, armor and coal supply. The rattle of her powerful secondary battery rivaled the sound of musketry, and was distinguishable, even at the distance, above the storm of battle. Wavering in his glances, Dick looked for the New York, but she was not in sight; neither was the torpedo boat to which he belonged. Between the Iowa and the Texas appeared the monster Oregon, the battleship which had taken him north from Rio Janeiro. She flamed with fire, and hid behind her smoke, then emerged, flaming ceaselessly and rushing on. Dick watched her a few moments with darkening faculties, noted the position of the second ship of the Spanish squadron out to sea, and of the third, drawing ahead of them all. Then he fainted.

Pain, that had helped deprive him of consciousness, brought it back. He was writhing on a hot deck, suffocating with smoke and the fumes of burning woodwork. The engines had stopped, and the only gun to be heard was far away, where the hunt was still on.

Around him in the smoke were men stricken like himself, and worse—men who had crawled up from the blast-furnace buzzing and humming beneath the hot deck. Some, groaning and wheezing as they crawled, were moving slowly toward the rail, through which a few succeeded in dropping. Others remained where the last weakness had overtaken them. A momentary clearing of the smoke showed to Dick the after part of the ship in flames, the foremast gone. There was a jarring vibration in the hull, and an occasional note in the roar of flame that sounded like surf beating on rocks. The ship was beached and deserted by all able to move.

A hail rang out from overboard: "On deck there, ye poor divils! Can any o' ye take a line? Stand by."

A rope whirled snakelike high over the rail and dropped, but there was none to take it; it was withdrawn, and then it came again in the form of a running bowline which settled over a stanchion. It was tautened, and a man climbed aboard—a barewaisted, bareheaded man with a bearded red face.

"Oh, Mither o' Mercy, boys, what a sight," he shouted in mournful tones. "Come up—come up, boys. There be some alive."

"Morrisey—Morrisey," gasped Dick. "Here—give me a hand."

Morrisey sprang toward him and peered into his face.

"Dick, be the powers!" he shouted. "Bronson, below there. Here's Dick, fryin' in his own juice. Oh, ye poor bye, and how come ye here wi' the dagoes?"

He lifted Dick in his arms and turned toward the rail. Other men were swarming up, and the leader, a giant of a man, took him from Morrisey. Disdaining the slow descent by the rope, he sprang with him into the sea, for Dick's clothing, dried by the heat, was in flames.

FORTY-SIXTH CHAPTER

NEARLY four months after the sailing of the Mary Earl, about the time that Dick and Breen joined the fleet, the following appeared in an issue of the Allville Evening Times:

> A little light is shed on the mysterious disappearance of Ensign Breen, U. S. N., by the story of Mayor Arthur, who, with his son and daughter, was a guest of Mr. Breen aboard his ship on the afternoon of the day on which he disappeared. It seems that the young ruffian, Halpin, who instigated the riot in our streets, is, or was, a member of the crew, and was given shore leave on that afternoon. He accompanied the party out of the Navy Yard, and carried Mr. Breen's grip to the gate. Mr. Arthur observed that they had words at the gate when Halpin surrendered the grip, and that the sailor seemed in a rage. Later, at the New York terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge, Mr. Breen requested the Mayor to take his grip to the Grand Central Station, and started in pursuit of Halpin up Park Row. It is known that Mr. Breen has never called for his grip, and as war is on, it is more than likely that he would have reported for duty if alive. The scoundrelly Halpin has not since been seen. What tale of foul play and murder will come to light when he is caught can only be surmised.

Miss Bessie Fleming read this with dilated eyes at the supper table. The meal being over, she took the paper to her room and read it again, then sat thinking for a full quarter of an hour. Then she went to a closet and brought forth a wealth of splendor which a woman might imagine, but no man describe—and stood off to choose. An hour later, equipped for battle, she went forth, rang the bell of a large brick house around the corner, and sent up her card to Miss Mabel Arthur.

Miss Arthur entered the room a moment later.

She was gowned in tulle but little darker than her crown of coiled hair, with but two relieving flecks of red—a ribbon at her throat, a flower in her belt—with color in her lips and cheeks that rivaled the red, with a diamond on her finger no brighter than the sparkle in her eyes. The two poems took momentary measurements, then Mabel advanced with a smile.

"Why, Bessie," she exclaimed, "where *have* you been? It's an age since I've seen you. Take your things off, dear."

"No—really, Mabel, I can't stay. I must return soon."

"Must you? What a pity!"

Then followed a twenty-minute discussion of things feminine which have no place in this story. At the end of it Bessie, with the sweetest smile she could assume, said:

"By the way, Mabel, did you read what the paper said to-night about Mr. Breen's disappearance?"

"Oh, yes. They seem to think that he has been murdered. Who would have thought it of Dick; and we had been *so* interested in him."

"But, Mabel"—and Bessie almost gasped it—"you don't think so, do you? You don't think that Dick would kill him? Why, he couldn't. You know he couldn't."

"I really do not know," replied Mabel, twirling her diamond, "what Dick could or could not do. He seems to have a very violent temper."

"And don't you care?" Bessie stood up. "Don't you care anything about it? Dick Halpin, whom you have talked about for years, is charged with murder. You were there on that day—you saw him—you must have seen him—you must know what the quarrel was about. Why did he follow him? You know, Mabel."

"I am not concerned, Bessie," she answered slowly, "about this aspect of the case, because I happen to know that Dick Halpin did not kill Mr. Breen."

XUM

"No—he did not? Then where is he? What has happened? Is he alive?"

Bessie paused in her walk, and stood over Mabel with eyes wide open and hands tightly clenched. "Tell me!" she added; and there was almost a threat in the command.

"Yes," replied Mabel impassively, "he is alive, and"—she pressed her diamond to her lips—"I should think, very happy to be alive."

"Where, Mabel? Where is he?"

"Which one do you mean?" asked Mabel. "Both are alive, and one is happy—that is, if I may judge by the letter I received this morning."

"A letter? Oh—yes—a letter—to you——" Bessie stood erect. "I understand, of course. He is alive, and writes to you. I really beg your pardon—I did not think—, good-by, Mabel," she added, and turned toward the door.

Before she reached it Mabel had caught her. She enfolded her in her arms and pressed her lips to the pale cheek.

"Bessie, you poor girl," she said gently, "come back. You don't understand. He is nothing to me but a good friend. Come back, and sit down and talk. Let's talk about it, dear. Come back to the sofa."

It was some minutes before Bessie's sobs would permit her to listen, and then Mabel, with her arms about her, told her of a letter from Mr. Breen mailed at Jupiter Inlet. He and Halpin had been taken forcibly to sea in a merchant ship, it said; they had become good friends, and had left the ship at Rio Janeiro just in time to join the Oregon going north.

"I'll get the letter before you go, Bessie," said Mabel, "and we'll read it together. He wrote to me, I suppose, because he knew I should be glad to hear from him. But you will see, Bessie, just what my position is."

"But the ring?" murmured Bessie, her head on Mabel's shoulder. "You told me——"

"I did not. You told yourself; I merely allowed you to. I was hateful, I know—awfully hateful, but it was on account of Dick."

"Then, Mabel," said Bessie, as she straightened up, "you do love Dick Halpin?"

"I do not. I am not acquainted with him. I have had but two conversations with him in my life. I love an ideal, and, of all the men I have met, Dick comes the nearest to filling it. He may not prove himself—he may turn out just as the papers describe him, a rowdy and a ruffian—I do not know. But, if he is a gentleman—I know that he is brave and manly—he is of good instincts, honest and clean-minded—if he is of my class, don't you see, I could love him very easily. And that is all, Bessie. I think it began with his red hair. Ever since I have been able to see I have worshipped red hair. I do not know why, but I had to yield to it. Dick was my ideal boy, and I shall be dreadfully disappointed if he does not succeed in life—and come back to me."

"But the ring, Mabel?" persisted Bessie.

"A birthday gift from Papa, you goosie. Mr. Breen selected it and sent it with the bill."

"It wasn't kind of you, Mabel. Why did you let me think it was an engagement ring?"

"Because, as I said, I felt utterly hateful. You had deceived me. You were in communication with Dick all along, and you never told me."

"Why, Mabel!"

"You were, Bessie. You told me that day—that day before Dick came home, you know—that you expected company and could not come over. And then, when Mr. Breen called next day, he said that he called at your house first and found Dick there."

"But Dick called by accident—I did not expect him; I had not seen him since he went away, and hardly knew him. Why, Mabel, how unjust you have been. I did expect company—but it was Mr. Breen."

Mabel's eyes opened a little wider, and her lips parted; then they closed.

"But why, Bessie," she said after a moment's silence, "did not Mr. Breen stay at your house if he was expected? An invited guest does not hurry away. And he told me nothing about his being expected at your house. I did not know that he ever called on you."

Bessie's face flushed as red as the ribbon at Mabel's throat. She looked down and around the room—then at Mabel.

"I—I—do not know," she said at last.

"Was it," asked Mabel gently, "because he found a sailor of his own ship there?"

Had Bessie agreed to this, tranquillity and confidence might have been restored at once; but, hesitating a moment, she said, "Not that, exactly."

"Then, why, Bessie, if Mr. Breen was the expected company, did he go away?"

"Because," said Bessie, her face aflame and desperately anxious, possibly to prove her case, "he came just as Dick was going, and—and—just in time to—see—to see him kiss me. And he wouldn't stay. He—turned—and went right away from me, and I haven't—se-seen him since."

And then she began crying, while Mabel straightened to full height and walked the full length of the room and back.

"He *kissed* you!" she repeated; then, as Bessie dried her eyes and looked, she turned, without waiting for an answer, and walked again to the end of the room. Here she remained for a moment, while Bessie's pathetic face took on an expression of demure resignation. Mabel returned.

"Bessie," she said, while her fingers worked nervously, "is this really so? Did he kiss you?"

"Yes, he did," murmured Bessie shamelessly. "He kissed me—hard." She would have been less than a woman had she been able to forego this one moment of triumph—this one dash of vengeance and reprisal on the one who had so mercilessly wounded her.

"And you let him?" said Mabel. "You let him kiss you?"

This brought the matter nearer home; and Bessie, as a properly conducted young lady, arose in her own defense.

"I could not help it, Mabel," she said earnestly. "I didn't think—he was no longer the Dick I knew—and when he was going I—and—then—the outer door opened and Mr. Breen saw it."

Mabel seated herself in a low, reclining chair, threw herself back at full length and, with fingers tapping the arms of the chair, stared at the ceiling.

"What a fool I am," she said at length with a toss of the head. "He is a man among men. They are all alike, but we mustn't let it come between us again. It is not my business whom he kisses until he has kissed me. After that I will take care of him."

"But, Mabel, do you think"—and the question was born of the deepest malice of which Bessie was capable—"do you think that Dick will ever try?"

Mabel waited a moment while she soberly studied the carpet.

"Women can always be sure of some things, Bessie," she said slowly. "I looked into his soul that day on the ship—when he stood in line with others, waiting to be counted. He may never come back to me—he may be a brute and a scoundrel whom I would not tolerate—though from the description in Mr. Breen's letter I should think he is not—but, Bessie, I saw—I know—that I am to him what he is to me. Wait, and I will get that letter."

They read it together, with arms about each other. It was, as Mabel had said, a letter couched in terms of friendship, containing news of the voyage in the merchant ship and some wonderful praise of Dick Halpin, but no word of Bessie.

FORTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER

A FEW days after Bessie happened to glance over a back number of the Evening Times. The paper contained the account of the delayed commencement exercises of the graduating class of the High School. Prominent in the account was an abstract of an essay written and read by Mr. Edward Brown on Journalism as a Profession. The prominence given to this part of the program came of the fact, of which Bessie was aware, that Ned Brown's father was the editor of the paper. Certain peculiarities of style induced her to hunt for and re-read the editorial which had prompted her visit to Mabel; the same peculiarities of style were apparent in both. At the newspaper office she searched the files and found the account of the riot in which Dick Halpin was called a thief. There were the same touches of phrasing and punctuation; obviously the three articles were written by the same hand. Buying a copy, she took it home, and with scissors and mucilage prepared an exhibit of the three cuttings; then bided her time.

It came a few evenings later, when she ushered into her small parlor a caller—a tall, well-dressed young man with a budding mustache and hair symmetrically divided into fluffy halves. Her greeting was formal, almost frigid, but the young man's smiling self-assurance suffered no shock until he had turned around once or twice and seated himself in the best chair; then he noticed the calm, cold disapproval in Bessie's eyes, and arose to his feet. His hostess had remained standing, fingering a scrapbook on the table.

"Why, Bessie," he said, "what's up? Lost your mother, or——"

"No, Mr. Brown," she interrupted incisively, "mother is well."

"But—why, Bessie—Mr. Brown? It used to be plain Ned."

"I have but lately read your essay on journalism, Mr. Brown"—she emphasized the prefix—"and feel much impressed. I could not presume to such a familiarity as to call you Ned after reading it. Really, I did not dream that you wrote so well."

"Is that so, honest, now," he answered delightedly. "Well, now, I'm glad you liked it. I'm going in for it, you know, with father."

"So I surmised. I cut it out and put it in my scrapbook, it was so good," she purred. "And here is something else that I'm sure is yours. Why, no one else could write so nicely."

She opened the book, and he approached her side a little soberly, for the sarcasm in her voice was becoming apparent.

(*Continued on Page 34*)

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"On deck there, ye poor divils. Can any o' ye take a line?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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THE Czar may have observed that no one is throwing bombs at Count Tolstoi.

BUFFALO will have a great show this year, but, after all, old Niagara will still make the power of man seem tame.

BETWEEN Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan there are differences; but they are one on fishing. When in doubt, get down the hook and line and dig bait.

AGUINALDO is wearing out his benighted brain trying to figure out whether he is a citizen, a subject, a traitor or a hero. The Administration is not much wiser.

A ROYAL commission having gently broken the startling news to Emperor William that Edward VII is now King of England, the Kaiser may expect almost any day to hear that there has been some little trouble in China.

CONGRESSIONAL delegations are traveling in palace cars and luxurious ships to various parts of the country and to the new possessions, to investigate conditions and to collect information which will be duly printed and forgotten. It is a pleasant time for sight-seeing, and the Government pays the bills. The wonder is that more people do not try to go to Congress.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY has been invited by the Legislature of Hawaii to visit that archipelago during his Western trip. The point has been raised that it is contrary to Constitutional law and to precedent for the President to leave the United States during his term of office. Now let the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Department of Justice and the Supreme Court attempt to crack the legal nut: Would the President leave the United States if he went to Hawaii? If so, why? And if not, why not? When this question is settled the more entrancing ones bearing upon Presidential visits to Porto Rico and the Philippines may be taken up seriatim.

THERE seems to be some reasonable foundation for the hope of three-cent car fares and a place in a car to deposit one's self. In most cities at present it is a clear case of overcharge and of general bad service. In the necessity of hanging to straps and swinging to the gentle movement of the car as it turns a corner—it seldom goes fast except around corners—we are getting back to an old use of our arms like that of our alleged far-away ancestors, the monkeys. Public sentiment is of course overwhelmingly for the change, and in spite of the general pessimism in such matters public sentiment usually gets what it wants. It may be a little slow, but it arrives in the end.

The Coming Test of Trusts

IN THE past ten years we have been industriously organizing trusts. In the next decade we shall be testing their strength.

A few years ago the line between public and private management of industries was sharply defined. The private industry belonged to an individual owner, or to a small group of owners associated in a firm or corporation. It was an axiom that for a business to be successful it must be "under the master's eye." Government management was condemned by the maxim that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." An individual voter, it was said, had not enough interest in public affairs to make him keep his servants up to their work.

The chief feature of trust development has been the tendency to wipe out this distinction. The typical trust is a State in itself, with the characteristics that were formerly held to condemn the State management of industries. It spreads over as much ground as a government. Its operations are as far as a government's from the master's eye, and it may have as many citizens as some kingdoms.

The most successful examples of concentrated control of industries—the Standard Oil Company and the Carnegie Steel Company—have been concentrated in ownership as well as in management. The Standard Oil Company has been owned almost entirely by half a dozen men, and very largely by one person. The controlling majority interest in the Carnegie Steel Company has been owned until recently by a single man. Thus these great organizations have combined the advantages of vast operations and of the vigilance of the individual owner.

But how would it be if, as has been foreshadowed, all the railroads of the United States, with perhaps two million stockholders, should be united? We should have there a genuine test of the solidity of the trust system. It is hard to see in what respect such a combination would retain any of the advantages that used to be claimed for private as opposed to public management. The influence of the individual stockholder on the proceedings of the officials would be as small as that of an individual voter upon the proceedings of a man in the public service. Indeed, the corporate form of organization is much less satisfactorily adapted to reflecting the will of vast numbers of stockholders scattered over immense distances than is the organization of our Government to reflecting the will of the citizens. The Roman Republic broke down through the imperfection of its election machinery. The citizens in the provinces could not vote unless they went to Rome and gathered in one place, and so the elections were left, in practice, to be decided by the Roman mob.

The position of a great corporation, with its scattered stockholders, is precisely similar. There are no representatives from localities; each stockholder must go in person to the headquarters of the company on the day of the annual meeting, if he wishes to make his influence count. True, he can send a proxy, but the collection of masses of proxies in the hands of the men on the inside of the management is the exact counterpart of the Roman mob. It forms a force against which, as a rule, it is useless for any outside stockholder to contend.

The great life-insurance companies are in theory purely mutual. Every policy-holder has a right to vote, and to run for president of the company, if he wishes. But how many avail themselves of the privilege? How many give their proxies with any intelligent purpose of having them used in a certain way, rather than in indolent response to the request of the management?

When the present boom is over and the efficiency of the trusts is put to a genuine test, one of two things may happen. Either the industries controlled by these combinations may be well managed, in which case there will be a general feeling that the old arguments against public ownership have been disproved, and a general demand for the transfer of the quasi-public industries so organized to the Government will result; or they will be ill managed, in which case the old small employer with his personal interest in his business will again raise his head, and the trust system will fall to pieces.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

All the amateur gardener needs is plenty of hope and some rheumatism cure for his backbone.

Ugliness that Costs Money

BY TRADITION, rather than necessity, the modern factory is a paragon of ugliness. The owner appears to think that he has fulfilled his duty to his employees if he has provided running water and fire escapes. It is not so greatly to his discredit that he does no more, because he has accepted custom in such matters, and if, now and then, he hears of improvements in other mills or in the way of running them, he dismisses the subject as the whim of sentimentalists, as of no practical consequence, and as a probable drag on business. Experience has proved this view to be a wrong one. The best protection against labor troubles is interest in the laborer. This interest need not and should not take the form of condescension and charity, which are demeaning and humiliating to their object, but should be a practical service which is no more called in question than is the workman's right to air, water and protection against danger from the explosion of chemicals or the escape of noxious vapors.

We see the beginning of a change in the work that has been done, in a noted instance, in a factory in Dayton, Ohio, as well as in a hundred other shops in this country that have followed the same methods more or less closely; in the model houses built for mechanics near the great gun works of Krupp in Germany; in the improvements in and about the mills and shops of a maker of cocoa in England, of a maker of pickles in Pennsylvania, and of a maker of silk in Connecticut; and in no instance has the employer repented his interest or generosity. For it is not generosity—it is investment. By stimulating the interest and loyalty of his working people the employer increases the output of his shop and betters its quality.

The things to be done need not involve great labor or expense. To keep the floors and windows clean does not appear to be a difficult undertaking; yet in a majority of factories in this country the floors are covered with oil and dirt, and the windows are so grimy as to make a sort of twilight, which is not only trying to the eyes but is depressing to health and spirits; and a dispirited man never works as does one who is cheerful. Soap and sunshine, therefore, are prime agents in the creation of comfort and content. But it is possible to do more than this. In one of the factories in Manchester the waste steam, which ordinarily passes into the air, is used to heat a greenhouse, and the flowers started there are taken to the mill, every weaver having his or her own window-box or pot of plants, while choicer blossoms from the conservatory are sent to employees who are ill at home. In a Massachusetts factory the waste steam warms a pond and supports a fine growth of water lilies, as well as the noble Victoria Regina. In certain cases the owners of shops have trained ivy, woodbine, wistaria, honeysuckle and morning glory over the otherwise bare and unattractive fronts of their buildings, and have even so concealed the lower parts of unsightly telegraph poles and fences.

Reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, rest-rooms, the cost-price restaurants and other benefits have added to the comfort and satisfaction of employees, and thereby to their activity and efficiency. The old-fashioned overseer pooh-poohs the idea of allowing any of his people to sit or lie down for five minutes if they are ill or tired, but a brief rest often puts heart into a man and enables him to finish his tasks. In such case, it is economy to let him have it. It is sometimes argued that pleasant surroundings detract from the attention that should be given to work—as if a person ever worked the worse for being clean and warm, and having plenty of air and light! This is the objection made by the sort of men who paint their factory windows to prevent their people from losing time by looking into the street. The fact is, that many persons are so irritated by these marks of distrust that the very object of them is defeated. The workmen are constantly, if unconsciously, casting about to see into the street that has been forbidden to them, and the dull walls reflect only their indifference, or hate.

There is yet another reason for concessions to the mill hands, and it is based on the present public interest in all schemes of betterment. The destruction of city slums, the increase of kindergartens, the establishment of free lectures, the appearance of the university settlement and of such institutions as Hull House, in Chicago, the substitution in reformatory cases of the indeterminate sentence for fixed terms of imprisonment, the legislation that enforces safety in mines and sweat shops, are tokens of the widening of a Christian spirit, and the improvement of factories is but in line with these reforms.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

No one who raises beautiful roses sees much ugliness in this old world.

The Paper Billions of the World

IT WAS one Samuel Weller, we believe, who had some difficulty in conversation because the words came out so fast that they fell over one another. It is a great pity that Sam is dead. There would be a fine opportunity for him nowadays in rolling off millions and billions for the new trust capitalizations.

Really, it is hard to see just where the thing is to stop. Some years ago the total had gone far beyond the whole wealth of the country, and now it is probable that it largely exceeds the wealth of the entire world, with other worlds yet to be added if Mr. Tesla succeeds in establishing communication with their statisticians. Of course it is not all real, and a concern recently capitalized at $15,000,000, that failed with only thirty-seven dollars in its treasury, must have appreciated its own absurdity.

The overcapitalization has simply overdone itself and it was inevitable that the courts should sooner or later take a hand in the matter. There is a good State, largely bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, in which the turning of water into stock certificates has been so industriously followed that it is a wonder that Neptune has not applied for an injunction. Possibly the reason is that the water has been mostly fresh.

But in that State several judges in the higher courts have declared that it is not right to turn a few millions of property into many millions of alleged wealth and then invite the credulous public to buy the whole lot. A halt has been called to the ridiculous making of impossible wealth.

There are to-day, in old trunks and deposit boxes, enough worthless bonds and stocks to buy—if they were worth their face value—almost everything in the market. They represent everything, from corner lots to transcontinental railroads, from pills to mountains. They form the most amazing exposition of human faith that the world can furnish.

And yet the same old thing has continued to go on. The few thousands have grown into many millions, and recently the figures have been coming in such long rows that mathematics has become discouraged, and the man who used to calculate how long it would take to count the highest sum in the world has gone on a long and dismal vacation.

All good people are glad the courts have done something. It will not altogether stop the craze, but it will at least serve to save a few figures for use in genuine business.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

XUM

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WEBER COMPANY, New York.

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Sincerely yours,
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Men & Women of the Hour

Senator Burrows on Stumpage

The State of Michigan has earned the reputation of sending lumber kings to the United States Senate. General Alger was a lumber king when he started on his national career, and the late Senator Stockbridge, who also represented the woody State in the Senate, made his millions through trees.

But Senator Julius C. Burrows won his position, not through being a lumber king, but on account of his splendid triumphs on the stump. Born in Pennsylvania, he became a lawyer, and in the Civil War was an officer on the Northern side. At the close of the war he established himself at Kalamazoo, and soon became very popular.

His district sent him to Congress for nine terms; he left the lower House and entered the Senate on the death of Senator Stockbridge, to fill out his unexpired term, and on the conclusion of the term was reëlected in 1899 for a full six years.

At a recent dinner party in Washington, at one of the great diplomatic houses, the cost of living in that city was a subject of conversation, and diplomats and statesmen alike agreed that one ought really to be independently rich to keep up a prominent social life there.

"If only we were all lumber kings from Michigan!" said one diplomat with a sigh.

"Yes," said Senator Burrows with a smile, "I often realize that I made the mistake of my career by going into stumping instead of stumpage."

The Confederate Flag in Samoa

From the South Pacific—from Samoa—comes a curious, pathetic story of devotion to the "Lost Cause," and even the least susceptible reader must wonder who the unknown ex-Confederate was and what was his history.

The Samoans are experts at rowing and sailing—from which fact Bougainville, the French discoverer, called their country the Navigators' Islands—and since the advent of the white man every Samoan boat must have its flag. Just what the flag represents is not so important a question.

Sitting in the cool of his porch overlooking the bay one afternoon during his term as Land Commissioner, ex-Chief Justice Chambers, of Samoa, saw a boat approaching the shore flying a flag the sight of which struck him at once with peculiar interest. It was none other than the Stars and Bars of the Southern Confederacy. What could it be doing, wondered he, in the South Pacific—and so long after Appomattox? He determined to learn the history of the flag and get possession of it.

But, meeting the boat as it landed, he found the owner by no means willing to part with his flag. The offer of the "American chief" to buy it was promptly, though very politely, declined.

Then the Justice tried a little diplomacy: he took the boatman into a store and bought for him a bolt of calico and then a kit of mackerel—which delighted the Samoan, to whom they were luxuries. But the native still insisted that he could not part with his flag.

"It would not be right for me to give it to you," said he, in such a manner as to show that some deep feeling was involved.

"But why? Where did you get it? And why do you value it so highly?" asked Mr. Chambers.

"Well, I will tell you," answered the Samoan. "A long time ago a man came to Samoa from far off in America—where you came from. He was not a sailor, but told me he had been a soldier. He was my friend, and lived at my house. But after a while he got sick; and one day he said to me: 'Tasi, look in my bag there and get out my flag, and put it up on the wall where I can see it.'

"I did so; and he would lie there and look at it and look at it. Several days afterward he grew worse. He called me to him and said:

"'Tasi, I am going to die. I am far away from my home and my people. This flag is all I have in the world; you have been my friend; I give it to you. Keep it as long as you live. Don't give it to anybody—and whatever you do, don't you ever let a Yankee have it.'

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But his hours of relaxation were given up to bicycling and he became prominent in the organization of Hudson County Wheelmen. He next joined the League of American Wheelmen and his name became widely known among bicycling enthusiasts.

Then, naturally enough, came a favorable opening, and he left stenography and accepted a position with the Western Wheel Works. With that concern his advance was steady and he became its General Manager.

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Sand Wheels

By W. L. Alden

"I spent the best part of the next fortnight at the camp teaching the Arabs to ride"

I WAS sitting on the veranda of the Cataract Hotel, at Assouan, when a tall, wearied-looking American approached me, and in the accent of the far West remarked: "Stranger, they say you've been considerable distance into Africa. Might I ask how far you went?"

I replied that I had been to a small station about three hundred miles west of Khartoum.

"Just so," replied the man. "Then I calculate that you must have been where Arabs are middling thick."

I said that certainly I had noticed no striking dearth of Arabs.

"Well," continued the American, sitting down by my side, "I'd like to know if you happened to hear anything of a tribe of Arabs that ride a new sort of animal that can overtake the fastest horse, and that are scaring the other Arabs out of their boots—I should say slippers?"

"Now you mention it," I answered, "I have heard some such report, but I never paid any attention to it. The ignorant Arab is always ready to tell you of strange and supernatural things that have happened in some part of the country that is always a long way from where you may happen to be."

"Stranger," said the man solemnly, "don't you be in any hurry to disbelieve things because they sound strange. I learned that a good many years ago. That yarn about the tribe of Arabs that ride a new sort of animal is true, leastways to some extent, though I suppose the original facts have been pretty well stretched out and embroidered, as you might say, by this time. I know all about those Arabs, and I'd give considerable if I could get them before an American jury that would lynch them five minutes after having found them guilty."

"What are they guilty of?" I asked, beginning to take a languid interest in the man and his real or fancied wrongs.

"Those Arabs," said the man impressively, "are guilty of the worst sort of horse-stealing, and that's a crime that we know how to punish out in Montana. They robbed me, sir! and ruined me financially, and I want to find them and set a British regiment on them. If you like I'll tell you all about it. We'll have a whiskey and soda together, if you'll do me the favor, and I'll tell you how I was done by a rascally Sheik and his gang."

I acquiesced with some forebodings, for I rather dreaded the garrulity of my new acquaintance. The whiskies and soda were brought, and after the American had swallowed his at a single draft he began his story.

"There came out to Montana, about the time of the Chicago Exposition, a genuine Arab from Algiers. He said he was a delegate to the Congress of Religions, which, as you perhaps remember, was one of the biggest side-shows of the Exposition. Of course he was a Mohammedan, for a converted Arab wouldn't have been any sort of attraction in the Congress, but when he said he had been appointed a delegate by the Government of Algiers, he lied, as he generally did. The fellow, who spoke English like a book, had come over to New York to sell lemons, and when he heard about the Congress at Chicago he went there and passed himself off as a delegate, and lived on the fat of the land. What brought him out to Montana I never knew, though I don't doubt that it was some scheme of robbing somebody. Anyway, there he was, and he and I happened to get acquainted, and he made me believe that he was a first-class chap, and a mighty influential man at home.

"I presume you are acquainted with camels, sir! So am I, for I saw a good deal of them in Arizona and Texas, where they have been imported, and do a lot of work that horses can't do creditably. The camel, sir, in my opinion, is a first-class fraud. He is a bad-tempered beast, and the slowest animal, barring an ox, that I know. All that yarn about the camel being built in water-tight compartments for carrying water ballast, and about his using that water in his compartments for drinking when he is crossing the desert, is all rubbish. His insides are just the same as any other animal's. That is to say, they are not built on the water-tight compartment principle any more than a horse's insides are. The camel don't happen to be a particularly thirsty beast, and he can go without water three or four times as long as any other animal. That's all there is to the story about his ballasting himself with water, and drinking at leisure. My own idea is that the story was first started by some of these teetotalers, who wanted to show what a blessing water is, and how Nature has assisted the camel to carry a cargo of water instead of whiskey. But the story is all a lie, like most everything else is, if it has anything to do with Arabs.

"Well, I talked a good deal with the Arab that I told you of—his name was Mohammed Abdallah—about camels, and he admitted to me that the camel was an enormously overrated beast. The Arabs stick to him because his feet are made so that he don't sink into the sand, and because he can go without water for pretty near a week, but they don't like his pace, and all those stories that you and me used to read when we went to Sunday-school, about the love of the noble Arab for his faithful camel, are all nonsense. The camel can't do more than two miles and a half, or three miles an hour, and he shakes the man that rides him, whether he is an Arab or a human being, pretty well into buttermilk. No, sir! The camel is a mighty poor apology for an animal, and the books that call him the ship of the desert never mention that the only way in which he resembles a ship is in making folks seasick that ride him for the first time.

"Now, I was in the bicycle-manufacturing business three years before I met that scoundrel, Mohammed Abdallah, and one day when we were talking about camels, and Mohammed was agreeing with me that the camel was what the good book would call a delusion and a snare, it struck me that what the Arabs who lived in the desert wanted was bicycles. It came to me all in a flash that a bicycle made with wooden tires four inches wide would skim over the sand as easy as a pneumatic-tired bicycle skims over an asphalt race track. Then I thought of all the advantages that a bicycle has over a camel. It can go without water forever, and it can go without food for a similar length of time. Therefore, if an Arab rode a bicycle instead of a camel he would save the whole of the camel's keep. A bicycle could easy enough

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be fitted with a water tank in the middle of the diamond frame that would carry a couple of gallons of water, and one or two of the tubes could be made with stop-cocks and filled with whiskey enough for a pretty long journey. An Arab, so I understood, never has any clothes but the ones he stands in, and his only baggage consists of a gun or a spear, and a little food. Now a couple of clamps on the front tube of a bicycle could carry a gun, and a bi-carrier over the rear wheel could carry all the provisions an Arab would need for a fortnight, besides ammunition for his gun. Then I calculated that an Arab who learned to manage a bicycle could keep up a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour for at least twelve hours. He could travel, say, one hundred and fifty miles a day on his machine instead of traveling about thirty on a camel. Why, sir, the more I thought of it the more I saw that a wide-tired bicycle was just the thing for the Desert of Sahara, and that if it could be properly introduced it would run out the camel in next to no time.

"Do you know what a camel is worth down in Arizona? Well, sir, a full-grown three-year-old camel will fetch $200 easy. Then, again, there are thousands of camels used in Australia where their average price is seventy-five dollars. Of course it costs something to bring camels from Africa to America or Australia, but I figured out that I could set down camels in New York, that I had bought in Algiers, at a cost of not more than fifteen dollars apiece—that is, you understand, if I went into the business on a large scale. It might cost twenty dollars apiece to set down Algerian camels in Australia, but it couldn't very well cost more.

"Now my scheme was to take wide-tired bicycles from America to Algiers, and exchange them with the Arabs for camels. Say a machine delivered in Algiers cost me altogether fifty dollars, which as a matter of fact it wouldn't. Suppose that I exchanged it for a camel that I could sell in America for $150. Deduct fifteen dollars for expenses connected with getting the camel to America and I should still make eighty-five dollars clear profit on every camel. Suppose, again, that I should swap a thousand bicycles for a thousand camels. The profit on the transaction would be a thousand times eighty-five dollars. That's profit enough to satisfy any man who isn't in the Standard Oil business or the tinplate industry, and as I hadn't any doubt that bicycles properly introduced and advertised in all the Sahara newspapers would take like wildfire among the Arabs, I calculated that if I carried out my scheme I should be a millionaire inside of five years. I explained the whole scheme to Mohammed, and he agreed with me that it was the biggest scheme he had ever heard of. The man was enthusiastic over it—that is, as enthusiastic as an Arab knows how to be—and he offered to go to Algiers with me—which he said was the best place for starting the bicycle trade—and do all the interpreting for me, and act as a sort of general assistant, provided I'd pay his passage and a small salary. Of course, when I had once made up my mind to go into the thing I agreed to take Mohammed with me, for I couldn't speak a word of Arabic and can't now—except "*imshi*" and "*ma'fish*" and "*taiyib*," which are all the words that a decent white man ought to know of any such low-down language.

"Well, to make a long story short, I mortgaged my farm, and ordered three dozen bicycles to be built for me according to my pattern. I got them a little cheaper than I expected, the trade being dull just then, and when I landed them at Algiers they stood me in about forty-five dollars and forty-seven cents apiece. Besides this, I had to pay pretty near two hundred and eighty dollars duty on them, and it made me begin to doubt whether a high tariff is altogether the blessing that our folks say it is. Mohammed and I went along with the machines, and after I bought my railroad tickets to Biskara, which is on the edge of the desert, I found that I had about seven hundred dollars in my pocket, which I calculated would be enough to see me through in Africa and bring me home again.

"I put up at the hotel in Biskara, and Mohammed hustled around to find out the best way of getting at the wild Arabs of the desert—the sort that I wanted to make customers of. He was very lucky, as he said, and the third day after we arrived he brought me an old Sheik who had come in from the desert to buy powder and shot, and was, according to Mohammed, a likely customer for bicycles. The Sheik, of course, couldn't speak anything but his own lingo, but Mohammed interpreted, and after an hour of conversation, mixed up with compliments and beautiful sentiments in Arabic, we came around to a sort of agreement. Mohammed and I were to go back with the Sheik to where his tribe was camped—about thirty miles from Biskara—taking the bicycles with us. Then the Sheik was to learn to ride, and if he approved of bicycles as a substitute for camels he was to trade his camels for an equal number of bicycles. Mohammed said that the old man was a mighty enterprising sort of chap, and was just the man to see the advantages of using bicycles instead of camels. In Mohammed's opinion—so he said—the trade was as good as done, and he recommended me to engage passage for those camels from Algiers to America at once.

"The next morning we started for the Sheik's encampment, each of us riding on a camel: the Sheik riding on his own camel, and Mohammed and I riding on hired brutes. We had three more hired camels with us, on which we had packed the machines, and a young Arab boy picked up in the street came along to take care of the camels. That ride convinced me more than ever that the camel is a first-class blunder. Riding a camel is like being at sea in a ship that is bucking into a heavy head-sea paved with big corduroy logs. The camel pitched like a ship, and bumped like a wagon without springs on a corduroy road. I never doubted for a minute, after the first half hour of that ride, that the Sheik would share my opinion about camels the very minute he had mastered the bicycle. I began calculating again for the five hundredth time how much profit I was going to make by exchanging thirty-six bicycles for thirty-six camels, and if I hadn't been pretty seasick and so lame in every joint from the jolting of that abominable camel I should have felt like singing for joy.

"Well, we reached the encampment about the time that I had made up my mind to

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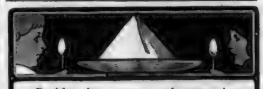

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fall off that camel and curl up and die on the sand. All the tribe, men, women and children, turned out to meet us, and I must say for them that they were considerably more polite than the average crowd in an American town that welcomes a perfect stranger. We had a supper of dates washed down with water—for I ought to have said that the encampment was in what the Arabs call an oasis, which is much the same thing as a camp-meeting grove among us. The Sheik told his people—so Mohammed said—that I was a tremendous magician, who had tamed a new sort of supernatural beast that was worth a hundred times as much as a camel, and that when daylight came I would trot out the new beasts and put them through their paces. Mohammed and I had a sort of shelter tent to sleep in that belonged to the women, and we slept pretty well, though the tent was crowded, as you might say, with Mohammedan fleas, any one of which could knock out a dozen of our American ones.

"By daylight we were turned out to show the bicycles. I mounted mine and curveted around the camp, showing the Sheik how easy the machine could turn sharp corners, and what a pace I could get out of it when I put on a spurt. The old man looked on and nodded, and said '*Taiyib*,' and other Arabic words that Mohammed told me meant 'Bully for you,' and 'Glory be!'—Mohammed had associated considerably with Irishmen in Chicago. After I had got through with my performance, the Sheik and his people examined the machine as carefully as a bicycle racer who is selecting a machine with a view to breaking the record. It surprised me to find how quick they were to understand it, and the way in which it was constructed.

"The tank for holding water pleased them everlastingly, and when I brought out my handbag and strapped it on to the bi-carrier, and explained that it was just the thing for them to carry their store clothes and their tooth-powder in, they grinned from ear to ear.

"I spent the best part of the next fortnight at the camp teaching the Arabs to ride. They took to it like so many schoolgirls. I taught the Sheik first of all, and took that care of him that he never once got a fall. You see I knew that if the machine were to throw him in the full sight of his people it would sort of prejudice him against it; while if any of his people fell, he would consider that so amusing that it would be an additional reason for him to like the bicycle. After he had got so that he could do his fifteen miles an hour easy, and could ride with only one hand on the handle bar, I taught the rest of the Arabs, with the exception of one girl about fourteen years old, who rode the machine the first time she mounted it, and never came to any grief of consequence except running into her mother and knocking the old lady flat. All of the subordinate Arabs got a fall or two while learning, but as they fell on the sand it didn't hurt any of them. At the end of the fortnight they could all ride, and the women having been born, as you might say, in rationals, rode the men's machines as comfortably as you please.

"After the Arabs learned to ride they kept making short trips of, say, twenty miles out and back over the desert, carrying their guns with them and making what they called a zereba when they stopped to rest. A zereba is just a sort of fortification, made by standing the bicycles on their heads in a circle, so that any hostile Arabs trying to rush the zereba would everlastingly get their legs tangled up with the wheels. It struck me as a first-rate scheme, and better than any barbed-wire fence fortification that was ever tried. If you've ever seen a railroad porter who wasn't used to bicycles trying to roll one along a platform and getting his legs cut with the pedals, and having the front wheel fly round and trip him, you'll understand that a circle of bicycles would be something that no man could rush through without coming to grief.

"One day, after this sort of thing had been going on about long enough according to my idea, I told Mohammed that if the Sheik really meant to swop his camels against my machines, as he had agreed to do, it was time for him to settle up. So Mohammed stirred the old man up, and came back to me with the word that in the morning the Sheik would turn over his camels to me, and would light out on his bicycle, with the whole of his tribe, to make a raid on a hostile tribe. At daylight the next morning the final transfer of the camels was to take place, and Mohammed and I were to start back to Biskara with the lot. That suited me well enough, and I turned in feeling that I had accomplished what I came to Africa for, and that the introduction of bicycles among the Arabs was a big success.

"The next morning, when I woke up, the sun was shining, but Mohammed wasn't in the tent with me. I didn't spend much time over my dressing, and when I came out I found all the Arabs standing by their machines, and, so far as I could see, just on the point of mounting and riding away. I looked round for Mohammed, but he was nowhere in sight, and what struck me as rather curious was that I didn't see anything of the camels. I asked the Sheik where Mohammed was, and he told me, as well as I could make out, that Mohammed had already started back to Biskara with the whole lot of camels, expecting me to follow him on my machine.

"This made me pretty mad, for I didn't like the idea of riding alone to Biskara, even admitting that I could find it without Mohammed's help. I was trying to say as much to the Sheik when a couple of Arabs, who had come up behind me, seized my arms and held me as tight as a vise.

"I tried to kick, and I slung all the language that came into my head at them, but it wasn't of any use. Some more Arabs came up, and after they had taken away my revolver, they went through my pockets and took every blessed thing there was in them. Then they took off my boots and my coat, after which they hinted to me with their guns that if I tried to make myself unpleasant they would blow my brains out. I had sense enough to know that they had me at their mercy, so I sat down on the sand and said nothing. The Arabs climbed on their machines—the women carrying the small children slung on their backs—and then they started off at a rattling good pace toward the southeast, and in a quarter of an hour went out of sight behind a sandhill.

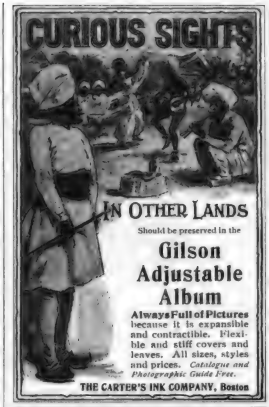
"As for me, I started to walk thirty miles to Biskara in my stocking-feet, and having the good luck to meet a caravan that was going that way, after I had completely lost myself in the desert and was steering straight for the Atlantic Ocean, which was about fifteen hundred miles away, I reached Biskara all right, but in a pretty savage state of mind. The first thing I did was to inquire for Mohammed, and I found that he and the camels hadn't arrived. I spent a week in Biskara waiting for him, and then I understood that he had stood in with the Sheik, and had carried the camels off to some place where I would be certain never to find them.

"The American Consul paid my railroad fare down to Algiers, and from there I managed to work my way home, landing in New York without a penny to my name. I borrowed five dollars from a friend to begin the world with again, and in three years I had made money enough to be able to come over here in search of Mohammed."

"Did you find him?" I asked, as the American paused in his narrative.

"Yes, sir, I did! I ran across him in Cairo last month, and I gave him a beautiful licking that was worth the price of my fare from New York and the twenty dollars that they fined me. Yes, sir! It was dirt cheap at the price. I never asked him for any explanation of his conduct, for it wouldn't have been of any use, but I calculate that I explained my view of it to him in a way that he won't forget.

"That experience cured me of wanting to have any trade dealings with Arabs. All the same, I believe that the bicycle will sooner or later supersede the camel. Why, sir, at Algiers and Biskara I heard over and over again of a terrible tribe of Arabs mounted on a new and strange animal of a swiftness greater than the swiftness of the wind—so the Arabs expressed it—that were careering over the desert, robbing first one tribe and then another, and always getting away on their strange animals, no matter who might try to pursue them. One old Arab told me that they so-called new animals were not animals at all, but some sort of supernatural beasts that he called gins, which struck me as a curious name, considering that the ignorant fellow had never heard of cotton gins or Scheidam schnapps. Of course I knew that the tribe he was referring to were riding my bicycles, and that the machines were demonstrating their immense superiority to the camel, but for all the inquiries I made I couldn't find out in what part of the Sahara to look for them. However, I'm bound to find those particular Arabs some day, if I have to search all Africa for them, and when I do find them they'll get a new idea of the resources of civilization, provided I can get five minutes alone with every one of them in turn."



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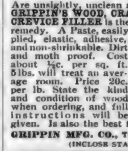

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

The Octopus Out West

The Octopus, by Mr. Frank Norris *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*, is a novel along unfamiliar lines; crude, strong, dismal, full of purpose, destitute of charm. It has California for a background, wheat for a heroine, the farmer for a hero, and the railroad for a villain. Being a piece of realism rather than romance, it adheres rigidly to the conditions of life; and, after six hundred and fifty pages of strenuous battling, the hero is routed, the innocent and helpless are ground down to destruction, the villain comes out ahead, wrong and injustice triumph in the land. These things do not make pleasant reading—nothing is so hopelessly disagreeable as the truth—yet The Octopus has in it elements of popularity. We all love the bread by which we live. We most of us hate railroads with the hearty animus of personal grievance. Corporations, having no souls to lose and no bodies to kick, must necessarily triumph over the futile opposition of individuals. Mr. Norris knows this as well as any oppressed citizen of the United States, and proclaims his convictions with robust and discouraging candor.

The story of the struggle between the California wheat-growers and the "Octopus," which grasps, first their profits, and then their lands, is told clearly and well. The fury of men caught in the toils, the reckless waste of human energy and human life, the hideous slaughter of the frightened sheep upon the track, the little children inheriting their fathers' animosity, and hissing and spitting as the great freight trains go by—these things are described with sympathetic force. Where Mr. Norris is least successful is in the "epic" side of his narrative. He is deeply imbued with the literary heresies of the West—already so familiar to wearied readers. He believes that crudity is strength, that delicacy is weakness, that the standards of the world are inefficient for the Pacific slope, that brutality of style is more virile than self-restraint. He has abundant scorn for people who read Mr. Pater and Charles Lamb; and conceives there is something Homeric in speaking of a wheat-crop as "this elemental force, this basic energy, weltering here under the sun in all the unconscious nakedness of a sprawling, primordial Titan." It was an evil day for all of us when Walt Whitman taught our uncurbed authors the misuse of the word "naked."

The lighter passages of The Octopus—few and far between—show a fine appreciation of the humors of San Franciscan drawing-rooms. It is a relief to turn from cruel injustice and bitter tragedy to the follies we can condone without crime—to Mrs. Cedarquist's hard-hunted celebrities.

"The Russian Countess, wearing the headdress and pinchbeck ornaments of a Slav bride, gave talks on the prisons of Siberia. The widow of India, in the costume of her caste, described the social life of her people at home. The bearded poet, perspiring in furs and boots of reindeer skin, declaimed verses of his own composition about the wild life of the Alaskan mining camps. The Cherokee, arrayed in fringed buckskin and blue beads rented from a costumer, intoned folk songs of his people in the vernacular. The Chinaman, in the robes of a mandarin, lectured on Confucius. The mandolin player, dressed like a bull fighter, held musical *conversaziones*, interpreting the peasant songs of Andalusia."

A man has seen, and heard, and suffered before he describes these things.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Artist of the Automobile

As was predicted some little time ago in these very columns, it will be to Mr. Joseph Pennell that the automobile must look to give it a position in literature. Every writer did a little something for the bicycle, but even in cycling days, except for Mr. Pennell, the tricycle would have been without a literary exponent of its charms. No one who has read them can forget Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's delightful descriptions of cycle-traveling through France and Italy. Mr. Pennell has lately left London for an extended tour through France, and possibly Spain, on (or should one say in?) his pet automobile. He is as good an automobilist as he is writer and draughtsman, and he may be expected to astonish the natives, especially the natives of Spain.

That Mr. Pennell can leave London at just this season is to those who are behind the scenes of journalism a proof of what an admirable thing marriage can be. For Mr. Pennell is expected to furnish art criticism to several papers, and the picture-show season is just coming on. Mrs. Pennell, however, is as acceptable a writer as her husband, and she will carry on the routine work for him while he is away.

Literary Cricket Matches

Among England's literary visitors from America this spring is to be Mrs. Wharton, who is one of the few American writers whose work is almost as well known on the other side of the Atlantic as at home. Mrs. Wharton is to stay with the De Navarros during part of her visit, at the house of that countrywoman of hers who was Mary Anderson. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Wharton will be at the Court Farm, Broadway, at the time of the cricket matches which have become an annual feature of life there. Mr. Barrie will probably take down his team of authors to play against a team of artists. Nowhere are celebrities at play more amusing and interesting than at this annual holiday in Worcestershire.

The Original of Barrie's Grizel

If the American visitor to London this spring will watch carefully when he or she is at first nights at the theatre or at picture-shows, it is possible that he may see a charming lady with a "crooked smile" which he will recognize if he has read his Tommy and Grizel carefully. She, herself the daughter of a novelist, is said to have suggested to Mr. Barrie many of Grizel's characteristics, although of course her life has been in no sense whatever like that of the book's heroine. She is not even Scotch.

A Harvard Graduate by Proxy

Miss Bertha Runkle, the girl-author of The Helmet of Navarre, is one of the literary personages of the day. The fact that Miss Runkle has scored a genuine success at the age of twenty-two is something worthy of more than ordinary comment. Only the girl's intimate friends believed in her youth, because her story showed such maturity of treatment and scholarship. The reading public laughed and said: "Wait until she comes into the public eye; then we shall see she is a much older woman."

Miss Runkle came into the public eye in the early part of April by reading a paper on Romanticism before the Contemporary Club, of Philadelphia.

She has been brought up in a bookish atmosphere. Her mother, Mrs. Runkle, has been, for many years, on the staff of one of the magazines, and has supported the family—giving the boy a Harvard education and training the girl at home. Or, rather, that was her plan, but Miss Runkle defeated part of it.

She is devoted to her brother, and when he went to Harvard the two entered into a close alliance. It resulted in Miss Runkle's graduating from Harvard without a degree.

Her brother kept in touch with her every day and coached her all summer. Each morning she would receive the lectures as taken down by him. She had a duplicate of every book he had. She studied as many hours a day as he did. She mailed him every night the result of her work and he gave her the added benefit of his examinations. She went through each examination with him and passed without condition. During their senior year she studied harder than the young man himself, and the excitement in the Runkle household at the time of the final examination was intense.

Literary men and Harvard men were as interested in this unique way of Miss Runkle's going through Harvard as she and her mother were. The brother had aroused all the interest and enthusiasm of the Harvard professors, and when the final day came Miss Bertha Runkle's papers were examined and it was found that she had passed with flying colors. She virtually won the Harvard degree.

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"Publick Occurrences"

The American love of sports has risen to a pitch never before known. Until the middle of the century just closed we were practically without sports, and even until some fifteen years ago there was very little enthusiasm aroused by sports compared with the fever that has within the past decade and a half swept over the country.

Year by year the ardent fervor has been increasing, and the coming season promises to be the most enthusiastic of all.

The Sway of Golf and Tennis

Golf promises to hold its sway. A game that is centuries old—the ancient national game of Scotland, but now played in every quarter of the globe—it first attracted wide attention in the United States some four years ago, but now the golf ball is driven over links in every State of the Union.

Golfers estimate that some half million Americans will play golf this year, for there are hundreds of clubs, of large membership, connected with the United States Golf Association, besides other clubs innumerable.

Votaries of tennis predict a great revival this year, and expect the net and racket to be as popular as they were eight or ten years ago. Tennis has always retained a goodly number of champions, and it is prophesied that tennis courts will once more be laid out on every vacant city lot and beside numberless homes in the country. A game, this, strangely liable to ups and downs of popular favor. In Paris, for example, in 1657, there were one hundred and fourteen tennis courts; but in 1890 there were only two. There has often been either an enthusiastic rush for it or a cold dropping away from it—it is apt to be loved heartily or not at all; and its votaries are confident that the comparative quiescence of the past few years will be changed by a notable revival of interest.

Lacrosse, the national game of Canada, and a second cousin of tennis, though of such different origin, has warm lovers among us, and here and there are active lacrosse clubs. I have seen Indians on their reservations play this ancient Indian game; and it is pleasant to see it retain its hold among us.

Why Sports Came Slowly to Us

In Biblical times gay sports were frowned upon. "He that loveth sport shall be a poor man." Or else the sports were of a grim character. The Philistines, "when their hearts were merry," had poor blind Samson brought out, "that he may make us sport."

Into England the Romans brought their sports; then the Saxons and the Normans added others, and there were gay joustings, and football matches, and maypole dances, and archery games.

In 1618 King James I issued a Book of Sports stating what sports were allowable after church service on Sundays; but intense wrath was aroused among those who saw only the grimness of the Bible, and in 1644 the Long Parliament ordered the book burned by the public executioner, and all sports were forbidden or sternly frowned upon.

Our country was largely settled by men of that period—men imbued with a spirit of opposition to light-hearted sports; and the struggles of our early settlers with the climate and the forests and the Indians, and then the struggle of their successors for independence, sufficed to keep the national mind stern, severe and practical. Thus it was that sports so tardily came to popularity among us.

Keen Interest in Yachting

It was but natural that yachting should be the first sport to attract our national enthusiasm and arouse widespread national interest. In the War of 1812 our fleets did splendid things, and the minds of Americans were warmed toward the sea. In 1840 the first yacht club in America was organized, and it was in 1851 that the famous "Cup" was won from England by the yacht America.

In race after race, since then, it has remained with us, and "Don't give up the Cup!" has become a national thought.

Gallant Sir Thomas Lipton is this year to make another effort to capture the Cup, and in a few months tens of thousands of people, from the decks of hundreds of craft of all sizes and kinds, will witness the race which is again to decide on which side of the ocean the Cup is to remain.

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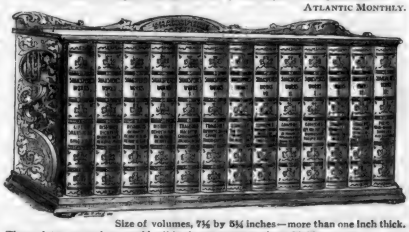

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Yacht clubs are common along the Great Lakes, and this season is to witness a contest in which the fleetest of Canadian yachts is to try to win back the Canadian Cup that was won last season by a Chicago craft.

Baseball and Cricket

Baseball has been our national game for half a century. It is the vigorous child of "One Old Cat" and "Two Old Cat," and a giant son of those pygmy parents.

The rest of the world does not take very kindly to baseball, though we have several times sent teams to England and though we once sent two teams on a tour around the world. It is a game indigenous to America and cannot be made to thrive elsewhere. But though foreigners in foreign lands do not take kindly to this American growth, those same foreigners, once they become Americans, yield to its fascinations as fully as do the American-born; and from every grand stand arise frantic shouts and cheers from Englishman, Irishman, German and American alike, when a difficult grounder is stopped, or a base is cunningly stolen, or a double-play is made.

This year promises to be of unusual interest, for there will be two "major" leagues in the field besides the minor leagues and the unnumbered host of other clubs.

Cricket, that game beloved of Englishmen, has never attained a widespread popularity on this side of the water. It refuses to become markedly Americanized; or, rather, America looks on it somewhat askance as a prospective citizen under our Game Laws.

It is curious that in Philadelphia, where, it would seem, American influence should be the strongest and English the weakest, there are far more cricket clubs (a score or so in all) than in any other city in this country. New York City has also a few, and so has Paterson, New Jersey.

College and Exposition Sports

College sports are to be unusually active this season.

Yale and Harvard invited Oxford and Cambridge to come to this country for games in July and the English universities replied that they would come, and set September as the time.

Pennsylvania's crew is to go to Henley, to compete over the famous Thames course with England's best university crews. All Americans are hopeful that the Pennsylvania crew will succeed, even though other college crews have heretofore failed in a like attempt.

Track and field athletics will arouse more than usual interest in college circles this season and some notable contests will take place.

Football, of course, will have its countless votaries, and when the principal elevens play, banked thousands on thousands will be tiered, as if in a coliseum, above the field; and all over the country throngs will watch the bulletin-boards of the newspapers.

Recognizing the deep interest at present felt in athletics and sports, the managers of the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, have arranged for what will be, in effect, a continuous tournament of sport, of first one kind and then another, and for amateurs and professionals both, throughout the continuance of the Exposition.

Even in gunning there is to be an active awakening. An American team is to go to England, and an English team is to display its skill at the Buffalo Exposition.

Other of our gunners, in various parts of the country, have also arranged matches; and in numberless places individual shots or small clubs will enjoy the sport. Those who have seen the mountaineers of the Southern mountains, in those sections where they are the direct descendants of early settlers, gather for a "shootin' of the goose," will readily understand how deep-grained in the American mind is this sport of gunnery.

A Helpful Era of Sport

But it is impossible to go into detail with every pastime. This is the era of sport. Practically every man and boy, every woman and girl, takes part, or wishes to take part, in some branch of it. And it is fortunate that the field is broad enough for all.

And in all this variety of sport, in all this eager devotion to it, there is nothing harmful, nothing that points a warning. On the contrary, it is for individual and national good. It gives health and tone to the system, it clears and freshens the mind by bright exercise and competition in the clear, open air, and it drives the cobwebs from wearied brains. And thus it is that this era of enthusiastic devotion to sport is good.

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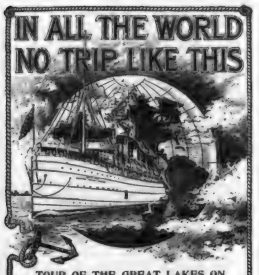

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Stories of the Studio

By Vance Thompson

THERE had been a sale of paintings at the Hotel Drouot that afternoon. The great American artist was feeling first rate, thank you, for his few pictures had brought more than 200,000 francs. He asked some of his old friends to dine with him that night, so that they might say agreeable things and thus confirm his own opinion of his work and himself. And then the artist told us the story of his Madonna.

"It was sold at public auction in Berlin and the first bid was sixty cents," said the great artist, "but only a few years ago the late Mr. Vanderbilt offered $300,000 for it."

We told the artist he should have accepted Mr. Vanderbilt's offer.

"Unfortunately I had already sold the picture.

"It was in my student days that I painted it—some fifteen years ago. I sold it to old Père Floersheim for four dollars. I was pleased as Punch to sell it, for I didn't often see four dollars in those days. Well, my picture, though I assure you that it was extraordinarily good—really a good thing—did not seem to make any noise in the world. I had almost forgotten it. Now and then, little Carette, the model who posed for it, used to ask me about it, but that was all. Old Papa Floersheim told me he had sold it abroad.

The Madonna that Passed for a Raphael

"Then 1890 came to pass. In that year, you may remember, the learned art-professor of Berlin, Herr Nikolas, discovered at Lausanne a magnificent Madonna which he recognized at once as a genuine Raphael. No one was hardy enough to contradict a man so expert in Raphaels as was the famous Doctor Nikolas, and the picture became celebrated world over under the name of La Vierge au Sein. Magazine articles and books were written about it. In the world of art it created a sensation, equaled only by the Rembrandt of Pecq. Mr. Vanderbilt offered a fortune for it, and negotiations were almost concluded when, unfortunately, the American millionaire died. Shortly after Herr Doctor Nikolas died. Before his death he had borrowed $10,000 from a Berlin banker, giving as security the far-famed Madonna of Raphael. As the widow could not repay his loan, the picture was put up for sale. The auction was held in Berlin and I happened to be there at the time. As you know, the Emperor had invited me to——"

We hammered on the table and yelled, as a gentle hint that we had heard his story of the Emperor once or twice before.

"Well, then," he went on, "I decided to have a look at this notable Raphael. When I reached the salesroom the picture had just been put up. It was magnificent. 'Magnificent!' said I to myself; 'but can it be a Raphael?' The bidding began. Some one cried, 'Three marks!' I went closer and inspected the canvas. Suddenly it seemed that an electric light was turned up in my brain. The fog of forgetfulness vanished. I recognized the Madonna—I knew it—it was mine—my Madonna for which little Carette had posed long ago in my garret in the Rue Vaugirard in the Latin Quarter. And they offered three marks for it!

"'Two hundred marks!' I shouted.

"The greasy picture-dealers looked at me in amazement; they made gestures with their hands and whispered together; but the banker was there—the hopeful banker who had lent $10,000 on the picture. When he heard my bid the blood came into his face, until I thought he would have a stroke of apoplexy. At last he recovered somewhat. Evidently he thought I was the long-lost amateur—perhaps an American millionaire.

"'Two hundred are bid,' said the auctioneer.

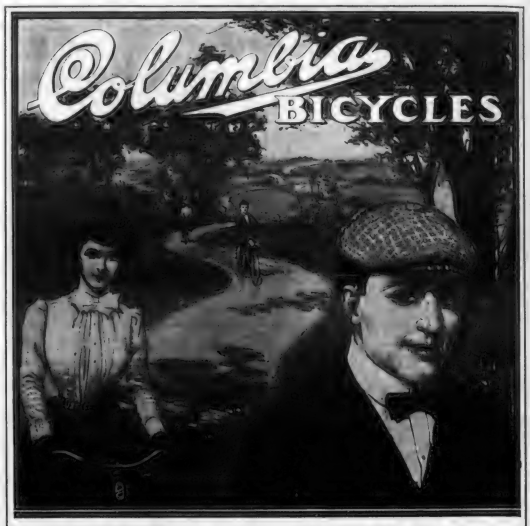
"'One thousand,' the banker cried fiercely, and looked at me.

"I shook my head, and the auctioneer kindly permitted him to buy it in at that price," said the artist, "and even counting in the $10,000 he had lent on it, in the first place, I assure you it was a bargain."

And then he sketched for us a reception at that banker's house in Berlin. The guests are looking through his art-gallery.

"Ah, you've noticed that, have you?" says the banker. "It's the Raphael of Lausanne. Vanderbilt, the great American millionaire, offered $300,000 for it—but I kept it."

And that's true, too.



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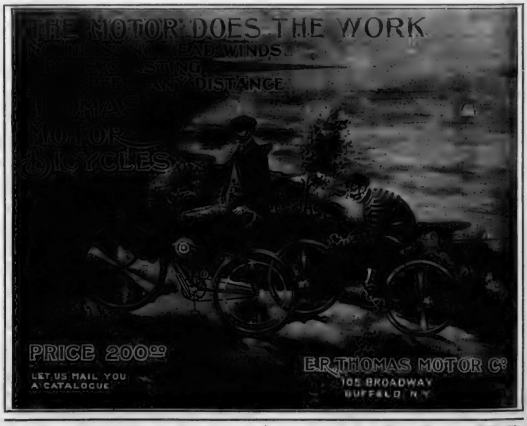

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Foreigners Purchasing Our Pictures

I am no great admirer of the French Government of the day, for I am too good a patriot to believe in cosmopolitanism; and I have never seen anything admirable in breaking church-windows. When I was a youngster there was one bad boy in our neighborhood. I know he was bad, because he used to throw stones at the minister's cat. The socialists and internationalists who rule France to-day are too much like that bad boy to suit my conservative tastes. Still they are good men in their way. Their theories aside, they act like decent fellows, instructed, art-loving men and Frenchmen. Every now and then the Government announces that it has bought some picture and—by placing it in a public gallery—given it to the people and the world.

Not one great American painter of the day is unrepresented in the national art-galleries of France. Look at the Luxembourg, with its collection—finer than any in the United States—of pictures by our best men, Whistler, Sargent and a score of others. He, too, works for his country who only stands and paints.

However, while the best of the great American artists' work is being bought in by the French Government to enrich France, the Government of our own country is quite unconcerned. And in a few years what would we not give for Whistler's Portrait of My Mother, for Walden's Cardiff Docks, for Sargent's Carmencita?—a king's ransom, my friends. And that is the right kind of patriotism—the national preservation of the works our men have made. It makes for the future. Seed may be sown on a canvas as well as on the prairies of the Middle West. All this means that the French Government has bought Lionel Walden's last Salon picture—that should have gone to the new home of art that some statesman will found some day or other in Washington, D. C.

The Man Who Took All the Strawberries

Walden was at the dinner the other night. He is a tall, thin, red-bearded Yankee, who looks more like Don Quixote than any one has a right to look. To see him side by side with Whistler is a liberal education. Whistler is cynical and witty; he sparkles with epigrams and jewels; and then he is dainty as an abbé of the century before last. An impressionistic portrait of him need show only his incredulous eyeglass, the tuft of white hair and one slim, jeweled hand making a gesture of apology. But Walden is a calm, forthright man, with too much red beard and too much confidence in his tailor's knowledge of the way to dress.

We were talking of England.

"England," said Whistler, "rules the world simply because the Englishman takes what he wants."

We were rapidly losing ourselves in a fog of politics and national psychology, when Mr. Walden lifted part of his red mustache and said: "That's right, all right."

It was the first time he had spoken that evening, so we stopped our arguments and listened. Calmly and slowly he said: "I was down at Cernay last summer—with Faulkner—painting. You know the little tavern there and the old woman who keeps it. There was an Englishman there who sat next me at table. Well, the landlady gave us strawberries one night for dinner. For a dollar a day that was pretty good. The servant-girl passed the strawberries round. When it came to the Englishman's turn to help himself he emptied the whole dish of strawberries into his plate. So I said to him:

"'Say, my friend, I like strawberries, too.'

"'Not so much as I do,' said my Englishman calmly, and went on eating."

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MR. IRVING BACHELLER, the author of Eben Holden, tells with relish of an intended compliment he received about his book. He knows it was intended to be kind, but says he has an inward misgiving that it was just.

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He went to a dinner party one night, and a very nice old lady, to whom he was presented, said to him with earnestness, holding his hand: "Dear Mr. Bacheller, I am so glad to meet the author of Eben Holden. I read myself to sleep nights with your book."

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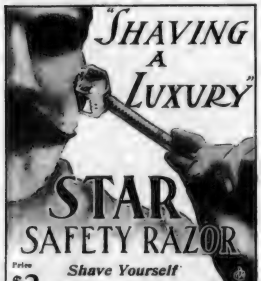

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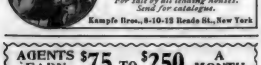

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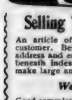

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The Fur Winners

(*Continued from Page 5*)

as he swaggers along. The striped sweater will bulge from his close-fitting coat, a size too small, and altogether he will look much like the semaphore lights of a railway station.

A brief tally shows that there is still much money due. A silver watch with wondrous chain helps the prodigal out somewhat; but, putting aside the cash he has reserved for a season of toying with the red wine, there is even yet a balance. Tinned meats, tinned fruits, at exorbitant prices; tobacco, a pipe, and perhaps a gun; also steel traps for the next season's fur killing: all these he buys.

The drink money he will spend with prodigal velocity; at the bar everybody must drink: what he buys to carry away with him he takes in huge jugs of great capacity. He compresses the expenditure of a year into a week, and in the end has a headache of as blaring a nature as his gaudy apparel. Then he longs for the hushed rest of the cathedral-like forest again; the ways of civilization have palled upon him; and he goes back to the haunts of Black Fox and Muskwa, and plays his strategy against theirs.

That is the way of a half-breed fur winner.

If the trapper be an Indian he will buy much bacon and two blankets; he will limit his personal decoration to sleigh bells, silk handkerchiefs, and beads and silk for moccasin working. If either of them has a wife she will come in for her quota of cloth, with perhaps a checked shawl.

A Central Domination by One Head

The Hudson's Bay Company has many trading posts in the far North, dominated from the central office in each district. The Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Mackenzie River country is governed by a chief factor at Edmonton; and he, again, is subordinate to the Commissioner, Mr. Chipman, at Winnipeg.

On the Athabasca and Mackenzie are large flat-bottomed steamers which carry the trading goods down the rivers, even to "the land of the midnight sun," and bring back the furs.

No liquor is allowed to pass into the Athabasca region—this is a Dominion law. A detachment of mounted police is stationed at Athabasca Landing and Grand Rapids to enforce this. It was only during the past year that the Canadian Government made a treaty with the Indians of these wilds.

From Edmonton large "free traders" outfit, men who bring in their ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of furs in one lot, arriving back from their year of trading in late midsummer. Some of these are white men, and some are half-breeds.

Perhaps even the big free trader is backed by one of the outfitting houses of Edmonton. In the autumn he purchases his year's supplies. These goods are taken by wagon to Athabasca Landing, ninety-eight miles north, and thence by flat-bottomed boats they are floated down the Athabasca River to his little trading shack, which may be near Lake Athabasca or Great Slave Lake. The boats, which are built at the Landing, carry from fifty to one hundred and fifty "pieces," of one hundred pounds each.

There are many rapids to run and many portages to make before the trader reaches his post. He remains down all winter, exchanging his goods for valuable furs.

The business is precarious in the extreme—a veritable gamble. There is no telegraph line, and only one run of mail matter in the winter; so he may be cheerfully paying eight dollars apiece for a certain line of pelts when they are selling at half that price in London, owing to a sudden drop in the market. He finds out all about this when he comes out the following summer—this information comes to him at the same time that he hears that some great war has been begun and ended since he went away to the silent north.

But one of the strangest things in connection with this trade is that the trader will pay nearly as much for his furs in the north as he gets for them in Edmonton. His salvation lies in the fact that he settles his bills with goods, and gets big prices.

Prices have moderated much in late years owing to competition between the many free traders and the Hudson's Bay Company. But it is not so very long since most commodities sold at one skin (fifty cents) a pound; sugar, salt, tea, flour, bacon, almost everything was one skin, fifty cents, a pound.

When the trader returns to Edmonton, his furs, owing to a custom which is really a law, are put up to be sold by sealed tender from

$10 Holds a $400 Lot

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A Way of Making Money Made Possible to Small Investors

We take all the risk—READ EVERY WORD

THERE is probably no City in the World in which so much money has been made in Real Estate as in New York, and especially since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Borough has experienced the greatest increase of values, because, as New York has grown, Brooklyn has had to house the extra population. In consequence our property has improved at least 25 per cent. each year over the preceding year, and we are so sure that this will be done for the next year that we are willing to guarantee this result to our investors, *based on the regular prices we will then be receiving for lots similar to those we now sell for $400.*

Our $400 lot calls for a payment of $10 at the time of purchase, and $6 a month each month until the lot is paid for; for the first year this calls for an outlay of $82, and we guarantee that this lot will increase in value $100 during the next 12 months, based on the price at which our salesmen will then be selling similar lots. The Trolley and Elevated service has been extended and improved to such a degree that these lots are now within 35 minutes and 5 cents fare of the New York City Hall, and upon the completion of the new East River Bridge, which will be in active operation within a year and a half, it will be possible to reach Cooper Union, the great Educational Institute and center of New York population, within 35 minutes from the property and at a single fare.

These $400 lots will, in our honest opinion, greatly increase in value as time goes on, as property becomes more and more scarce near the heart of the great city. The growth in value of property in Manhattan Borough has for the last few years been the secret of the recent increase in value of Brooklyn Borough property, because property at the present time in Manhattan Borough (the same distance from the City Hall as our property) is now selling for 20 to 100 times the money we ask, and there is every reason to believe that Brooklyn values will more nearly approach the present values of Manhattan.

GUARANTEED INCREASE. Our guarantee of 25 per cent. increase in one year in the value of lots is a simple one, and should not be misunderstood or misconstrued. It means that the regular prices publicly marked on our property (every unsold lot being plainly tagged and priced), and at which we will be then selling these lots, will be 25 per cent. in excess of the prices at which we now offer them.

IT DOES NOT MEAN that we can or will assume the responsibility of selling customers' lots, except incidental to our business of development, or that we will take them off their hands; this obviously would be impossible in the great work of development we are undertaking. This is intended as a straight business agreement of an honest increase in value, and that only.

N. B.—Our non-forfeiture agreement prevents the loss of your lot from misfortune.

We have a large amount invested in Real Estate in Brooklyn, and are offering to sell only a portion of our holdings. We are selling a portion, so that we can improve our property with all the latest city conveniences, and also, to have a desirable class of the best houses, and that diversified ownership which is necessary in order to give Real Estate its greatest value. We believe this to be one of the greatest chances of a lifetime, and our judgment is based upon 15 years' experience had in the honorable development of many different cities in various parts of the United States, and we can without hesitancy say that this is by far the best opportunity we have ever seen.

We court closest investigation. We have never yet made a claim or promise which has not been fulfilled. We will be glad to supply references from banks, Commercial Agencies, or customers, and satisfy the most critical investigators.

BETTER THAN SAVINGS BANKS. The property is always where it can be seen, and is not as susceptible to financial panics as financial institutions are subject to. Your principal grows as the city grows.

COME TO NEW YORK AT OUR EXPENSE. We have been so careful in our representations that we will agree to pay railroad fares East of Chicago to New York and return, if, upon visiting our property, you find any part of this advertisement which is not strictly true, or, **in case you buy,** we will credit on your purchase the cost of your trip. To those living farther away than Chicago, we will pay that proportion equal to cost from Chicago and return.

If you desire further particulars, write immediately for maps, details and references.

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"There is no doubt the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co. in the Twenty-ninth Ward represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitancy that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable, and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States.

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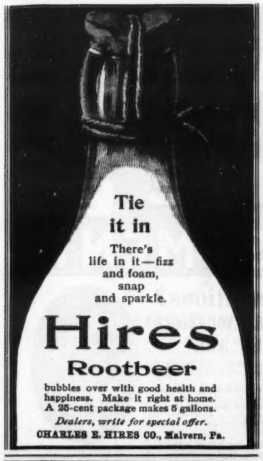

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1901 Spalding Bevel-Gear Chainless (original center drive), $75. 1901 Spalding Chain Wheels, $50.

Send for Catalogue.

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Victor Instantaneous Water Heater

is ready for use night or day; furnishes hot water *instantly* for bathing, shaving, sickness, and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. Uses gas or gasoline. Ask your dealers for it, *or send for free catalogue.*

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PERFECT SUSPENDERATION

GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS have absolutely indestructible buttonholes, and are perfect in all respects. If your dealer tries to make you buy imitations, send 50 cents for sample pair to GUYOT BROTHERS, 621 Broadway, New York City

the different buyers. They are open to inspection for several days; the buyers from St. Paul, Minnesota, the Hudson's Bay Company and free traders resident in Edmonton examine them and put in their sealed tenders. These are opened on a certain day and the highest figure takes the furs. They are baled in Edmonton, and shipped either to St. Paul or London. If shipped to London they are sold at the great semi-annual fur sales.

The buyer does not get his returns until they are sold in England, and in the interval fur may decline or advance. For the past five years marten has steadily gone upward.

How Fashion Governs the Price of Furs

The price of fur is governed to a great extent by fashion. Many years ago beaver was in demand; then mink; now it is marten. Mink is also becoming a favorite once more. Skunk is used largely, being dyed and sold under the name of some more fashionable brother, such as sable.

Beaver is a very heavy-skinned animal; also the fur is thick and of great weight, which militates against its use. This fur is used to a great extent in making the finer quality of hats. The yield of beaver skins has fallen off greatly, the decrease being a fair illustration of how the fur animal is passing. In 1875-76 the return of beaver pelts from Northern Canada was 47,000. Last year there were about 6000 skins brought in.

Marten is light, beautiful and warm, therefore there is much sense in its vogue.

Mink is probably the most beautiful of all fur outside of that of the four royal animals —sea-otter, black fox, sable and seal. A sea-otter has been known to bring nearly two thousand dollars, and a single black fox has sold for half as much.

A choice dark marten would bring from fifteen to twenty dollars; but the general price is from six to ten. Otter is worth from eight to twelve; fisher about the same; beaver, six; mink, two to four; and skunk, one to two.

Lynx are caught in great numbers in the North, and the skin makes fair lining for cloaks. Considering the size it is very cheap—from two to three dollars.

Bear, musk-ox, wolf and badger have taken the place of the almost extinct buffalo as robes. The musk-ox skin, worth about twenty-five dollars in its raw state, is a beautiful, heavily-furred, long-haired pelt, but is easily destroyed and almost impossible to keep clear of moths.

Bear is strong and durable, a good prime skin being worth from fifteen to thirty dollars. Wolf and badger make beautiful robes, and are cheap.

Again, the pelts may be "prime," taken in the proper time, the cold months, running from October to March; or they may be what is called "summer fur," got when the animal is shedding his winter coat, or exchanging his light summer suit for something warmer.

The difference is easily observed in the raw fur. When prime the skin is almost white, and thin and crisp like parchment; in "summer fur" the skin is dark, especially near the tail, and heavy and greasy, while the fur is thin and almost devoid of guard-hairs. This can readily be seen by holding the pelt up and letting the light shine through it.

Also the proper stretching of a pelt affects its value. The wedge-shape board upon which mink, otter, marten, fox, muskrat, fisher, ermine and lynx are dried, fur side in, must be of the proper size. A dishonest trapper may wish to make his pelts appear larger, and use too big a board; this makes the fur thin, and lessens its value.

Other pelts—bear, musk-ox, buffalo, beaver, badger, wolverine, sometimes skunk and raccoon—are tacked on a wall, skin side out, and dried by the action of sun and wind. No preservative is used in curing these hides, such as arsenical soap; the dry, crisp air does its work effectively.

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1901 Rambler BICYCLES "22-year old wheels"

are the greatest favorites among discriminating wheel judges. MEN'S AND WOMEN'S

Rambler

Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycles $60

have all the well-known distinctive features which have made $40 Ramblers famous the world over; also new improvements which are sure to become very popular.

RAMBLER ROADSTERS, $40 and $35

RAMBLER 20-LB. RACER, $50

SEE 1901 RAMBLERS AT ANY RAMBLER AGENCY BEFORE DECIDING. CATALOG FREE

RAMBLER SALES DEPARTMENT

Chicago New York

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A complete course of instruction at home, in one of the best of the useful arts for women. The lessons start with simple, attractive styles of hats and progress in easy stages to the most elaborate patterns. Our extreme care in preparing the lessons in connection with the large number of fine illustrations used cannot fail to convey to the student a thorough knowledge of the subject. After taking our course of instruction many of our pupils have successfully engaged in the millinery business, while others are able to make becoming, stylish hats for themselves at small cost.

FREE: SEND TO-DAY FOR BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET,

"De Faye's Famous Hats"

Illustrating 35 of Mme. De Faye's Exclusive Designs of Spring and Summer Styles.

HOW TO SAVE $5.00

The beautiful hat illustrated here is one of Mme. De Faye's special designs; it is made of fine quality black silk chiffon, laid in soft plaited folds over a wire frame of latest mushroom pattern; the folds of chiffon are edged with fine gold braid, the combination of black and gold presenting a very rich effect; large folds fall in cascades along the side rim and in front over three very handsome imported dark-red silk poppies; the under rim is faced with chiffon and gold braid with handsome spray of foliage on bandeau. This hat is as fine a production of the Milliner's Art as any one need desire, and cannot be bought at retail anywhere for less than $8.00 to $10.00.

In order to introduce our system of teaching **The Art of Millinery by Mail** we will deliver for $2.85 to any address in the U. S., charges prepaid, all materials with the work started for above hat, and complete, simple instructions how to make it. When preferred, orders can be filled with any of the popular shades of chiffon or roses desired.

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NO STITCHING IN THE ELASTIC

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

No more DARNING at the KNEES

THE BUTTON THAT REVOLUTIONIZED THE HOSE SUPPORTER BUSINESS

HOSE SUPPORTER CUSHION BUTTON

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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The kind of a machine for which you would expect to pay at least $10.00. Money back if not absolutely the best Calculator made for $5.00.

All metal—Lateral gun metal finish. Cannot get out of order. So simple a child can operate. So accurate that it is PERFECT. So light and portable it will go into your pocket.

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Read This!

Office PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO.,
New York City, June 20, 1900.

The Book-Keeper Publishing Co., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:—The Calculator received yesterday and am greatly pleased with the results of the little wonder. You will hear from me again in the near future. Yours truly, JOHN B. POST.

Write to-day and take advantage of the $5.00 price.

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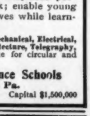

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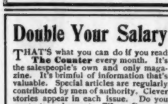

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Card Press $5
Larger, $18
Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.
THE PRESS CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Masters of Men

(Continued from Page 11)

She pointed to a clipping—the one containing speculations as to Breen's murder.

"You wrote that, too, Mr. Brown, did you not?" demanded Bessie.

"Oh—that, yes, I wrote it. The governor lets me write an editorial now and then, you know."

"And do you think," said Bessie sternly, "that Dick Halpin, the boy you knew at school, would murder any one?"

"Why—why, Bessie—why not? He's a low ruffian—a rowdy——"

"He is not," snapped Bessie. "He is a gentleman past your comprehension. Why do you hate him so? Has he ever harmed you? Did he harm you that day he came home? If I am rightly informed you were the only one of that crowd that escaped."

"He couldn't catch me," answered Ned.

"Here is something else that you wrote." She showed him the account of the riot. Ned said nothing, but looked troubled.

"You wrote that falsehood willfully, Mr. Brown. You know, and you knew then, that Dick Halpin was innocent of that charge. You knew that he bore the name of thief but one week."

"But—really—I'd forgotten, Bessie; I really had forgotten——"

"You did not forget; but you supposed him utterly friendless in this town, and you made a mistake. Do you care for my future acquaintance?"

"Of course, Bessie, of course I do. Haven't I been coming to see——"

"Then you will rescind in your father's paper every slander against Dick Halpin you have written."

"How can I? Father won't reverse himself just for me. Besides, George Arthur is a gentleman and an officer of the Navy. It won't do——"

"It *will* do. You need not mention George Arthur, but you will retract your words in regard to Dick Halpin—my friend from the first, understand—or I will never speak to you again."

"I've got to do it, I suppose, somehow," he said painfully; "but it's like pulling teeth, and father——"

Ned passed out, and Bessie collapsed in tears. She was not a natural diplomat, and the ordeal had taxed her nerves.

The news of Arthur's death, which came a little later, was a crushing blow to Mabel; but youth and health sufficed to bring to her, as the weeks passed, composure of mind and self-control sufficient for the small orderings of her daily life, and she again received her own mail and read her own letters. One, from Breen, written at Key West, and dated August 5, began with condolences; then followed news to the effect that the launch had been raised, but that the tide had washed all the bodies away and the chances were against their being recovered. He continued:

I have spent an hour with Dick Halpin at the hospital ashore here; he is doing well, considering that he was shot full of holes, half-drowned, rammed by a big, fast cruiser, and then nearly roasted alive. Dick will pull through without doubt, but he is, mentally, in a bad way. He thinks that if he had asserted himself he might have prevented your brother from going into the harbor. I took that conceit out of him; but there remains to him this—that your brother's death furnished him with the opportunity, which has resulted in a typewritten letter from a certain high official at Washington, and he keeps it under his pillow, taking it out to read occasionally; but over it all is his accusing conscience—that to get this letter he allowed your brother to die. In fact, he did not; he would have been open to court martial and disgrace had he interfered as he thinks he should; but of this I cannot wholly convince him; it is for you to help me when you see him. Your admonition to come home an officer had a strong influence on that action that morning, and his daredevil attempt to run four batteries in broad daylight, and certain admissions which he has unconsciously let slip, prove to me—well, I am saying too much. Will you please say to Miss Fleming, when you see her, that I have learned that Dick has not been home since he left four years ago until last summer? It is very likely that Dick and I will come home together.

Mabel read the letter to Bessie, then said: "Father will invite them here, for he was with George when he died. Shall you be here when they come, Bessie?"

Bessie flushed and steadied herself.

"No, Mabel; he will bring Dick home, of course, and he will come to you first. But—I shall be in my own home."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Advertising Manager Hunter's Chain of Stores Adelaide, Australia

W. P. MARSHALL
Photographer Czernovis, N. Y.

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Adv. Mgr. The O. Torrison Co.
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A student in Galveston is now earning $30 per week.
A student in Danville is now earning $35 a week.
A student in Duluth is now earning $36 a week, and many others too numerous to mention here; and you can do the same.

MERRITT B. HOLLEY
Adv. Mgr. Hannah & Lay Co.
Traverse City, Mich.

O. E. WHEELER
General Ad. Writer
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Some Evidence from Those Who Know

"Congratulations are in order, as I am now duly installed as Advertising Manager for Meyer & Co., wholesale custom tailors. Before taking your course of instruction I knew little or nothing about advertising. So I owe my present position to your teaching." E. S. KARNS, Chicago, Ill.

"Your school can have no peer in its honorable dealings and interest in the welfare of its students, and it shall be my greatest pleasure to speak of your school in highest terms. I also want to thank you for your letters of recommendation." FRANCIS M. BLACK, Topeka, Kas.

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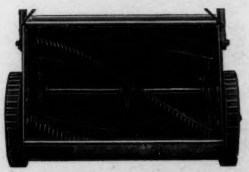

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